

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

3⁹⁵

A photograph of two men in a white, industrial-looking setting. One man, wearing a Santa hat and armbands, stands with his hands on his hips. The other man, wearing a hard hat and a collar with a chain, is kneeling with his back to the camera.

HOLIDAY ISSUE 69

20 PAGE EROTIC GIFT GUIDE / 17 PAGES OF HELLFIRE INFERNO



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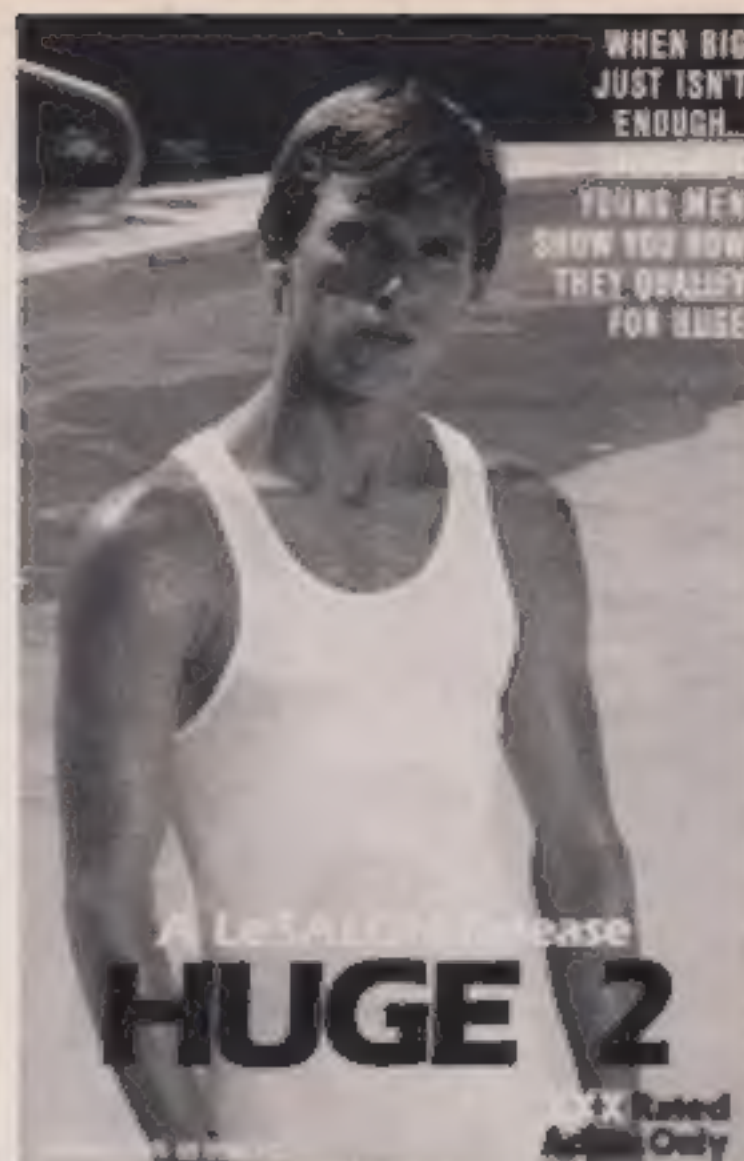
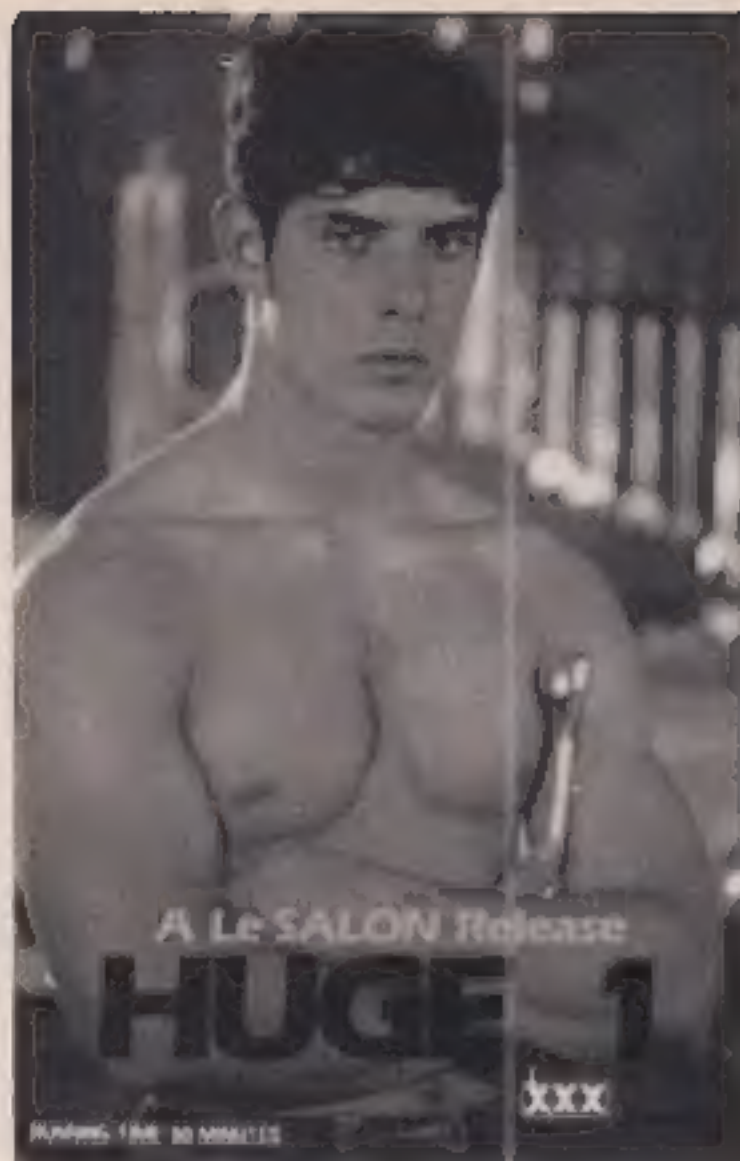
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Eight of the biggest and the best make for an hour of heart-pounding action: Lee Ryder and Mike Stoker use pumping iron as an excuse for pumping meat; Andy Fuller and Peter Hansen give a new meaning to "bare-ass" in the woods; Steve Sprague and Chris Randall will amaze you with their relentless, throat-stretching encounter; and Doug Miller finishes the package with Mitch Helms in one of the most sensuous encounters between two men ever filmed. **HUGE TWO** is the only possible sequel to **HUGE ONE**!

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DRUMMER

GIFT GUIDE

BEGINS ON PAGE 47.

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

©
**THE
HUN**
1983

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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GETTING OFF



We sent the following letter (First Class Mail) to THOSE RESPONSIBLE at In Touch magazine since you last read this column. We are sharing it with you, dear readers, because it eliminates having to write a column and because we mean every word of it:

Congratulations on your Tenth Anniversary of I.T., or whatever you are calling it these days. It is a beautiful issue and, as Milton Berle once said about Jack Benny, "I laughed so hard I almost dropped my pencil."

John Rowberry has promised to print a version of your press release in "What's Hot" in MANIFEST and I shall mention it in my little-read editorial in DRUMMER. It will give us an excuse to run that beautiful Joe Kool model from your front cover which you were foolish enough to send us.

It is good to see In Touch so deservedly surviving and prospering. You started a good year-and-a-half ahead of DRUMMER and I am certain that I.T. has given encouragement to the many other courageous gay publishing attempts in the decade that has passed.

Whenever you are in T*h*e C*i*t*y drop in on us at our new quarters at 960 Folsom. After almost getting it all completed, we hope not to move again for the next decade, if ever.

Best regards from your friends at Alternate Publishing

John H. Embry, Publisher

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Cover: Twas the night before... you know the rest! Photo by Jim Wigler.
Opposite page: The Perfect Xmas slave, a la The Hun.

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

CAGE CRAZE

I just read your latest issue (*Drummer* 67) giving us sneak previews of publications to come (or cum, as the case may be) and I must say that it was hot. Not only could I not wait to get it from my post office box, I took a BIG chance and read most of it in my office during the lunch break. I guess that seeing the slave in a cage was just so much of a turn-on for me that I could not hold off until I got home to really enjoy the one-handed reading session I usually partake in when your magazine arrives.

And, speaking of that cage, where do you get cages for human animals? Also, do you have a source for real jail cells? My apartment has the room to build a small jail in the spare bedroom, but I have not done so because of trying to figure out how in the world I would explain it to the construction company. Any ideas on how to get the job done will be great for the confinement scenes many slaves dream about and would be appreciated.

Dennis
Indiana

NEW RUBBER

I was happy to hear about the formation of Rubbermen of America, a club which replaces both Five Senses and The Second Skin Society, both of which died mysterious deaths, more like a whimper than a bang. I will soon see if anyone in it is as old as I (65).

Meanwhile, my best. I was in the leather and rubber scene (plus weights, tattooing, clubs, and water sports) as far back as 1955, so there is little I don't know or haven't tried, including the burying of two lovers—one a skin-diving motorcyclist, the other an airplane pilot and iron worker. My memories are better than the experiences of most of those under 35.

Name Withheld
Chicago, IL

(Editor's note: By Rubbermen of America, we assume you're referring to the new Association of American Rubbermen. That group has just begun forming, and hopes to have a newsletter and organization worked out sometime in early 1984. In *Drummer* 64, in a story called "Men in Rubber" by Mark I. Chester, we ran information on another group, The New World Rubberman's Club. That organization, which was founded in 1979 and has an international membership, can be contacted at 10926 Sunset Trail, Santee, CA 92071.

SWISS MADE IN LEATHER

Except a very few copies from the very beginning I've read all your magazines up

to date. And always I'm very impressed. I know how much work it takes, to get such a publication ready, specially as I'm responsible for our club magazine *Der Stiefel*, which is published in collaboration with most of the clubs of German language. We've also been one of the founding members of ECMC almost 10 years ago.



Through your column "Leather Bulletin Board," we got a lot of clubs in the United States on our mailing list. They all get our magazine regularly, but it's too bad we don't get much response from over there.

Now I'd like to write a few lines about our own club and would be very happy, if you could publish this in one of your next issues.

In early 1973 a few gays, turned on by leather, founded the Zurich based Club LOGE 70 (SCHWEIZ). Members have joined and left, but at this time we have almost 150 members spread all over Switzerland and some in the neighbour countries along the border.

Every year on Whitsun, we organize our official ECMC meeting. It's usually being held in a forest hut near Zurich. This year, it was under the name "10 Years Swiss Made in Leather." Saturday night it was attended by some 400 people from all over Europe.

Our meeting in 1984 will be held from June 8th to June 11th. We always try to provide private accommodations in Zurich. But of course it is on a first come, first served basis. Anybody interested in visiting our meeting in 1984 should contact us as soon as possible. We will then send them our program. We also try to give a place to stay to visitors from overseas during the year, as long as they contact us soon enough.

If anybody of the readers is interested to get the club magazine *Der Stiefel*, pub-

lished 4 times in 1984, but almost strictly in German, they could make a subscription for U.S. Dollars 10—a year, postage included.

Our contact address is the following: LOGE 70 (SCHWEIZ), Postfach 725, 8025 Zurich, Switzerland.

Please keep going with your good work, and I'd specially appreciate, if you could bring more articles about rubber. I'm a member of NWRM in Santee and also a member of RMC London.

Get our best regards.

Beat Ruedi, Vice-President
LOGE 70, Zurich, Switzerland

WORN OUT BY STUDWORK

Just a few lines to let you know I've enjoyed the hell out of your superb magazine since its inception. As a black male slave of long standing (or is it kneeling?), 40 years old and muscular, the information I've received through your publications has been invaluable.

As a lowly slave, Masterless, and a veteran reader of SM gay erotica, never have I come across such a mouthwatering, crotch-wetting, hypnotizing, masturbating piece of erotica as that presented in *Drummer* 67. Of course, I'm referring to "Studwork," by that new writer, Tom Herman.

Upon receiving *Drummer* and scanning its table of contents, this story immediately grabbed my complete attention. I read it four times, jacked off three times, and went to sleep and dreamed about it. That's just how much it affected me.

Again, I thank you for information received through this magazine. I'm sure there are others who feel as I do. Keep the heavy SM fiction coming, and I'll keep buying and cumming. I humbly bow to you, Sirs, and remain your loyal slave reader.

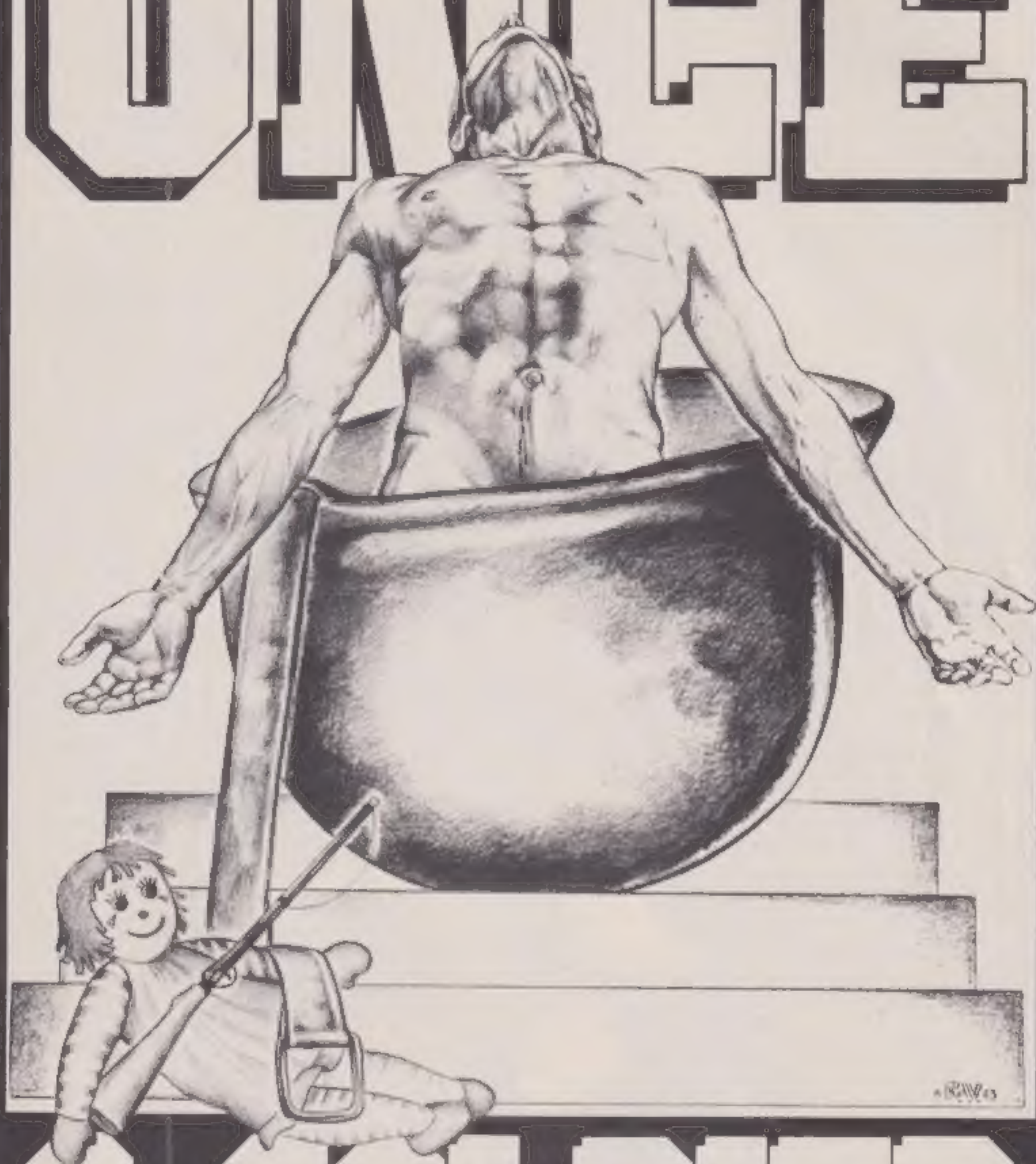
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SUSPENSION TOWERS



THE GATHERING OF THE CLAN INFERNO XII

by **FRANK HATFIELD** with an introduction by **ROBERT PAYNE**
photos by **ZEUS**

Frank Hatfield called to tell me that arrangements had been made to have one of the slaves reportedly going to Inferno XII fly with us to Chicago on the red-eye special leaving at midnight the day before. The plans had already been made for us to pick up a car at the airport and drive to Michigan. It seemed like a great idea to have him along to handle the luggage and do the driving. It seemed like a better idea to start his excursion into Hellfire the minute he got on board the plane.

But naturally the first thing to do was to check him out. He called me as directed about a week before we were to leave. He turned out to be an athletic looking fellow in his late twenties who reported at my office exactly on time. He was dressed in a suit and tie since he had just come from work. I liked the way he stood at my desk, rather than seating himself as the average caller would do. In fact, I liked his looks. His shoulders were broad, waist narrow, and you might even call him handsome. He asked if he could take off his jacket and I indicated that he should lay it on the couch.

"Take off your shoes and socks too," I added, and he hastened to comply, without question. I came around the desk and went across the hall to the refrigerator for a cold can of beer—after all, it was after office hours. I came back in, sat down on the big leather chair and looked the young fellow over. He stood, waiting for instructions.

"Sit down." And I waited to see if he would know enough not to sit anywhere but the floor. He did just that, squatting before me. Good manners, this.

We exchanged a few more pleasantries. He mentioned that he had had one of his nipples pierced especially for the Hellfire weekend.

"Let's see it."

Off came his shirt and he proudly exhibited a broad chest with a somewhat largish ring through a very tender-looking right nipple. He had just enough hair on his chest to accent the definition. A fine line of it went down the middle of his abdominals past his navel toward his groin. Hell, let's see the rest of him.

"Strip," I said, sipping on my beer can—and strip he did. He laid his clothing

neatly in a pile next to his jacket and stood awaiting my examination. His dick was beginning to grow and certainly showed considerable promise. His balls hung loose and full. Good legs and small, well-shaped feet which belied the size of his expanding whang.

He looked like very good material to spend a weekend with, let alone a five-hour flight. I bound his arms behind him with his belt, pushed him down to his knees and poured a little Budweiser in him. He thanked me, not forgetting to add "Sir," and I pushed his head down to my left boot with my right one. This kid was a great bootlicker!

He was a good cocksucker too. After I got my rocks off, I told him when to report to us prior to the flight and gave a suggestion of what was expected of him. He seemed delighted and a little let down when I told him he could put his clothes on. He was to report at six the evening of the departure, giving us several hours to get him ready to fly. Literally and figuratively.

He appeared right on schedule the night of departure and had on exactly what I had told him to wear: teeshirt, blue jeans and tennis shoes. I knew he was dying to wear his leathers, but he also knew they were forbidden him, at least until he got there. He carried his suitcases, one of which clanked when he set it down. I could tell they were heavy.

"Get your fucking clothes off, we've got a lot of work to do."

"Yes Sir," and he stripped in less than a minute.

He stood like that until Frank arrived, which wasn't very long. We strapped the kid to the barber chair in my office and went to work. Frank shaved his crotch and belly and then, while I held his legs up around his shoulders, he got his little ass shaved as smooth and clean as a baby's. I applied the alcohol and, though tears came to his eyes, he squirmed very little and made no sound.

We had already discussed our plan, not with the slave of course, but between each other. I put a nice, wide ball stretcher on him, then taped his fat cock to his now-hairless belly. When he was given permission to go to the can, he could only do so by laying on his belly on

the john. Or else simply pee in his pants.

We fitted him with a butt plug and taped that on too.

I took some plain cotton clothesline rope and wove it in and out between his toes. He looked confused but naturally said nothing. We then finished up the half-roll of tape by wrapping it round and round his hairy legs. Taking that off later would be fun.

Frank had some small tit clamps held together by an even smaller chain. He attached them to the guy's big brown tits.

"Get dressed, asshole."

"Yes Sir." And he put his shirt, pants and shoes back on. Frank and I sat around for a little while, enjoying a cold beer or two, offering nothing to the slave who knelt on the floor. A couple of cans and I had a bladderful, so I ordered him over to take it. If he thought he wasn't going to have to piss on the plane this flight, he was wrong.

Finally we decided it was time to go and we ordered him to carry our luggage down to the van. He soon understood the reason for the clothesline between his toes. He was limping by the third trip and by the time he carried his own bags down the stairs, he was hurting.

We sat up front and let him get in the side door. I told him to strip and that is the way he rode to the airport. I drove as Frank checked out our handiwork, adjusting here and there. Then he had a thought. He made the guy lie on his belly and took off his own belt.

"Did your dad ever whip you so hard you couldn't sit down for a long time?" he asked me.

I nodded and he went to work on the kid's ass while I looked for a parking space. I couldn't see but I could hear the blows against the bare flesh and the slave's tearful "Thank you Sir," with each blow. In a very short time he got quite a blistering.

"Get your clothes on and get this luggage over to the door, boy."

"Yes Sir. Thank you, Sir."

Frank and I went on to the boarding area to leave our slave to struggle with the luggage and the check-in. We cleared the metal detection area after discarding keys and pointing out to the attendants that we had on large belt buckles and a chain or two on our jackets. After all, this is San



Francisco, and airport people understand these things. When the kid finally showed up I questioned him as to how he made out at the checkout with what all he had on him. It seems the guard took him aside and finally took him into the rest room to see why he kept setting off the buzzer. He had to show the chain between his tits plus his cock ring and the chain we had fastened around his right ankle. But again they finally understood.

We boarded the plane and the reserved three seats we had selected were waiting for us. Frank got in by the window and I pushed our slave into the next seat. I sat down and hissed his instructions in his ear.

"Put your hands behind you, asshole. Right after you take off your shoes." He bent over and slipped the tennis shoes off his swollen toes. he sat upright, placing his arms behind him. After all the recorded bullshit about the life rafts and oxygen masks, we took off. I asked the attendant for a blanket and a couple of pillows. I insisted two pillows were enough and I handed one to Frank. We spread the blanket across our laps after raising the armrest seat dividers. They dimmed the lights for a movie after we had been served drinks. I ordered the equivalent of boilermakers for the kid. We would take the beer cans and refill them in the rest room whenever our bladders dictated, so he had plenty to drink.

I reached under the blanket and unbuttoned his jeans. I expected his pecker to be shrunk and the tape to be stretching it up against his belly. Instead it was hard as a rock and the head was covered with precome. Our boy seemed to be enjoying his flight to fantasyland!

I rubbed my hand against his hard fat cock, pressing up and down.

"Please, Sir," he whispered. "I don't think I can hold it back for very long."

"You'll hold it back for as long as you are told," I said, giving his prick a squeeze. I pumped it again. Everyone around us appeared to be watching the movie or was asleep. Only Frank was aware of what I was up to. The boy was fighting a losing battle.

And he was right. It didn't take long for him to shoot in his pants. He was glassy-eyed, then he slumped down into the seat. At this point he was undoubtedly wishing he could relax and not be under the dominance of his masters. Tough shit.

I went to the rest room again and filled up his beer can. I handed it to him to drink, which he did.

"Go to sleep, boy."

"Thank you, Sir." And he put his head against my shoulder.

Some time later I awoke to find him fidgeting. I knew what the trouble was, but he was not about to ask to go to the can to pee. To take his mind off his problem I reached up under his shirt and played with the chain connecting the two





We were awakened by the P.A. system telling us that we were coming into the Chicago area. The stewardesses were hustling coffee up and down the aisles and the kid was wanting to put his pants on.

tit clamps. It certainly did take his mind off his bladder for the moment

But it wasn't long before I relented and got up to let him go to the can. The movie was over and the plane was dark and quiet. Only the drone of the engines broke the silence. I waited a couple of minutes and followed his path to the can. I knocked on the door quietly and said "Boy," just loud y enough for him to recognize my voice

"Yes Sir," he whispered and slipped the lock on the door. I stepped into the tiny space. He was on his knees, having been on his belly trying to piss into the bowl. Airplane toilets are hard enough to use when you aren't taped up. He lay on the toilet again and I reached down to yank his butt plug. It came out with a "blop" sound. I laid it in the sink then told him to get up and bend over. He did and my cock replaced the plug. It was wild, forty thousand feet up at almost the speed of sound, to be screwing this hunk. When I finished, he cleaned off my dick with his mouth, which I slapped and told him to get himself together. I left and walked back to my seat. He followed, crawling over me to get to his

He had the plug in his hand. "Do you want to put it back in, Sir?" he asked

I took it from him and put it in the pouch of the seat in front of me. "No. Pull off your pants."

Without hesitation he reached under the blanket, unbuttoned and pulled them down, then off. He handed them to me and I dropped them to the floor. "Put your right hand under you ass." He did. "Now stick your middle finger up it...all the way!"

And that is how he spent the rest of the night, finger-fucking himself

We were awakened by the P.A. system telling us that we were coming into the Chicago area. The stewardesses were hustling coffee up and down the aisles and the kid was wanting to put his pants on, blanket or no. Finally I picked them up from the floor and told him he could. It was not an easy thing to do, but he managed without calling too much attention to what he was doing. He put his shoes on and before long we were sleepily disembarking flight 1129 for a much wider one









Leathermen from all over the United States, Canada, the Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, West Germany and South Africa make their trek in early September to attend the greatest gathering of SM experts and devotees for Inferno XII, an institution created by the Chicago Hellfire Club. This year a total of 209 men were enrolled. Satan's Station had to turn away the others who were unable to get into the run without reservations. Two resorts were used, one for the participants to stay in, the other where tents were set up in a grove of trees for the Hellfire activities. No one participating was allowed to use any transportation from Friday evening through Monday morning, other than a bus which traveled the three miles between the living and playing sites on a twenty-four hour basis.

The various tents were given colorful and self-explanatory names: The House de Sade, the Tonsorial House, Maison Merde, Casa Crisco. Suspension Towers was an outdoor pavilion with benches and was used for some spectacular demonstrations. A suspension tower with a huge wheel adjoining it occupied the space between the pavilion and the House de Sade.

The latter had all types of stretch tables, stocks, crosses, pillories and other bondage frames. This was the largest tent, allowing participants full sway to do what they wanted, and the busiest tent by far. In a pillory a man was being whipped with a variety of whips, the whip wielder's technique was a work of art as he played the subject's body. On a table in an alcove of the tent another man in bondage was on his back, having a variety of needles run through his chest, stomach, cock and ballsack. In this particular instance the man was so turned on by what was happening to him that he got off as his cock was being manipulated for insertion of the various needles.

The Tonsorial House was a small extension of the House de Sade, where a number of slaves had all of their body hair removed by both safety and straight razors, leaving them entirely slick and smooth.

The Maison Merde was at the other end of the tents. Few participants made use of it. Scat seemed to have lost a good deal of its popularity because of the growing incidence of AIDS. There is some talk that Inferno XII marked the last appearance of the Maison Merde.

The Casa Crisco had two rows of slings on each side of the tent for the old American art of fist fucking. This tent was busiest during the nights. Enema equipment was out, fists and arms were buried in the warm, tight holes.

Demonstrations at the pavilion were always well attended because it was here that many tops could learn new techniques. The tops attending these seminars, already very adept in their own right





recognized the need to continue growing in SM

Harold of Pennsylvania gave a demonstration of steel bondage, and also on how to deal with particularly difficult people and assaults. During the weekend, Harold kept a number of young slaves in shackles and chains. Try eating with your hands locked behind you!

Sy of New York showed how an antique telephone generator can titillate the cock and balls of a slave, and how a hot asshole can be made to feel even hotter

A highlight of the demonstrations was performed by Jim of San Francisco, the former Dungeon Master of Hellfire, who branded a slave from Provincetown. This is an especially difficult feat and has to be done with particular care so that there is no permanent damage to the slave

A variety of other demonstrations were put on, such as the techniques of using a variety of whips, including the difficult-to-manage bull whip.

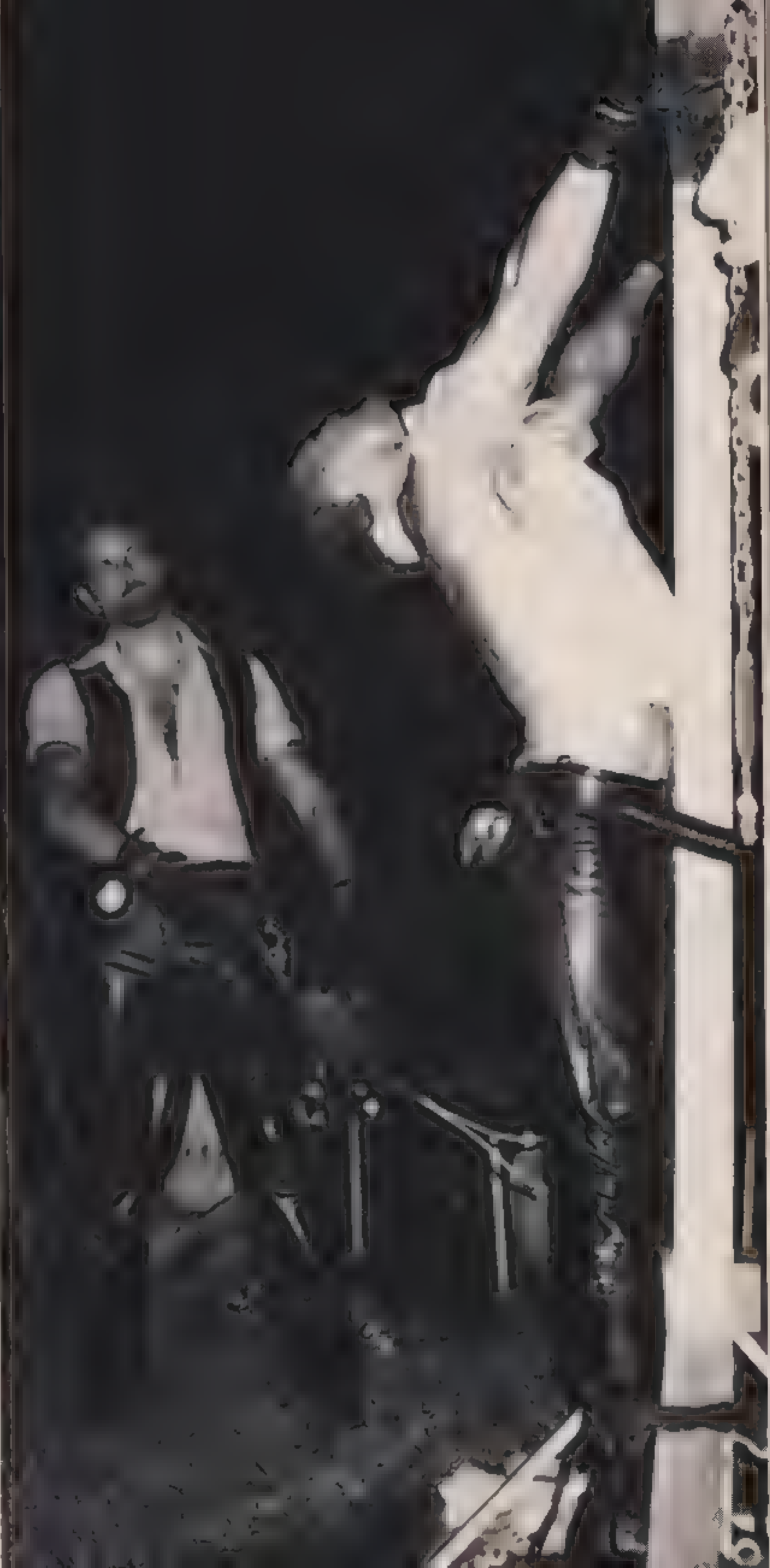
A new addition this year was a huge wooden wheel over eight feet high, on which slaves could be tied and rolled into any position

The suspension tower got a lot of use, since the warm weather encouraged outside action. The cage, the suspension boots, and pulleys all had slaves occupying them in the afternoons. The big bondage contest was held here, where such artists as Tony of Chicago displayed their talents. The most aesthetically exciting piece was the huge spider web which held its victim in the center of the rope tendrils. Another really striking bondage scene was the mummification with bandages of a first-timer to the run. (He won a number of prizes, including best slave.) His tall, slender, muscular body was displayed on a pedestal in the tight mummy pose with only his humongous cock hanging out from the bonds. The girth and length of the cock acted as a challenge to many of the men who tried to take all of it down their throats. The tender ministrations to the fleshy appendage caused it to grow and harden, which added to the scene

The energy of Inferno XII was high and the playing was intense, but even the players had to take occasional respite from it. The pool at the resident lodge had its share of sun worshippers and swimmers, while others strolled the grounds where longer lasting friendships would be formed

Cocktail parties and good food did much toward relaxing the men between play periods. Male Hide Leather of Chicago had a tent near Satan's Station where all sorts of leather goods and toys could be purchased

The slave contest was probably one of the most intense and humorous. The slaves were put through their paces by very demanding dominants. They were judged on submissiveness, proper attitude and the ability to please the Masters who judged them









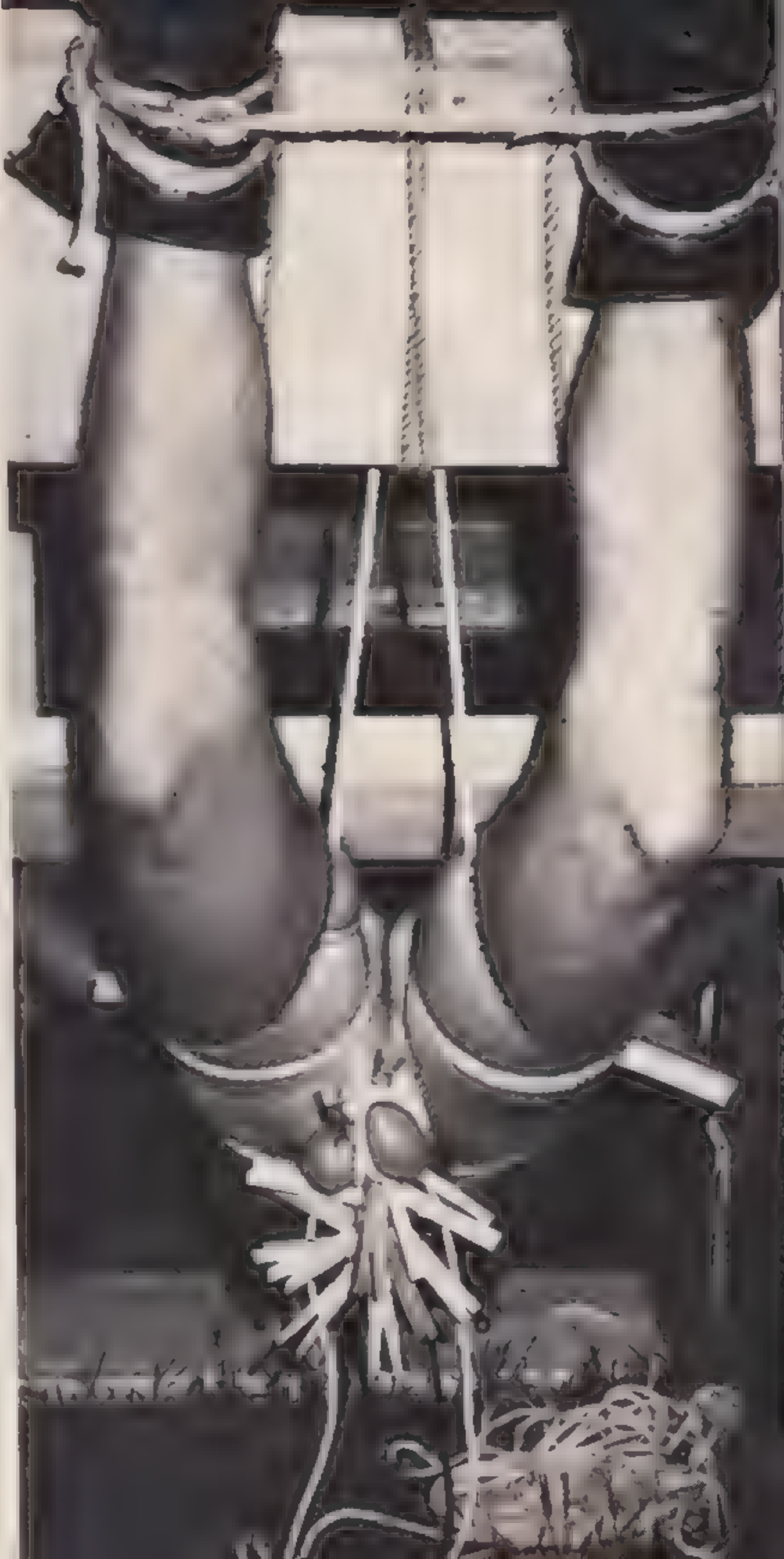
Clad only in jockstraps, the men would rub elbow grease over each other and the match would begin. The slick surface was so treacherous that a man could easily be bowled over. First, an opponent's jockstrap had to be removed before he could be pinned down.

The intensity of any meeting such as the Inferno mandates some humor, or the affair can become particularly draining from an emotional standpoint. For the first time a grease wrestling contest was held. There were two participants to each bout, the winner determined on the best of two out of three setdowns. Clad only in jockstraps, the men would rub Elbow Grease over each other and the match would begin. The slick surface was so treacherous that a man could easily be bowled over. First, an opponent's jockstrap had to be removed before he could be pinned down. Most of the jockstraps ended up coming off over the contestants' heads. There were no holds barred, so a sturdy set of balls, able to withstand grabbing and squeezing, was an advantage. One man was so innovative he tried to ram his hand up his opponent's ass to get the needed purchase.

On Saturday morning after breakfast, the ball weightlifting contest was held. This contest has been held every year and everyone looks forward to witnessing it. This year's winner failed to break the 1979 record, but took second place among winning weightlifters over the years. In a semi-squatting position, the man must stand erect while he lifts the weights suspended to his balls. This year's winner lifted 50 pounds. The 1979 winner lifted 57 pounds. Understandably, the next morning at the close of the run, he walked rather tenderly as he went to the podium to receive his award.

Some of the participants, because of job and professional commitments, left the run site on Sunday afternoon to make plane connections for home. Sunday night turned cold with intermittent rain, but inclement weather did nothing to dampen the ardor of the remaining participants. They played as if there would be no tomorrow.

Monday morning was cool and crisp with a bit of a somber tone. An experience unique in SM annals had occurred: an exchanging of vital energy and camaraderie. There was regret that it was over,





To paraphrase Gertrude Stein, sex is sex is sex. On the other hand, any relationship between two men should be a growing experience, and there is no single area in human sexuality where this can be better realized than in sado masochism.

but already participants were looking forward to Inferno XIII.

From across the country, leather business men had donated gifts to be passed out during the award ceremonies Monday morning. The president of Hellfire graciously acknowledged every donor, and each donor and his gift received loud applause. Mario of *Drummer* was at the run, and gave a year's membership to the Leather Fraternity and a subscription to *Drummer* to each winner.

One of the great events in the SM world was coming to a close once more.

The Chicago Hellfire Club is one of the most unique organizations in the world. Each Inferno is the Club's big anniversary party. With only about 25 full members, they manage to put together one of the cardinal events of the SM world. Associate members literally span the globe, another indication of the club's uniqueness.

Attendance at each Inferno is by invitation only. Each member and associate member is expected to know the man he recommends, since his behavior reflects good or bad on the member who recommends him.

Each Inferno raises and answers its own questions. Before Inferno XII, members speculated whether the response would be good or not, especially in the light of the growing incidence of AIDS. Trepidations proved groundless, since so many showed up.

These men trekked to Inferno XI at great expense. The SM experience is by its nature above the sexual experience. The energy displayed between the sadist and the masochist, the dominant and submissive, lends a sense of banality to mere sex itself. To paraphrase Gertrude Stein, sex is sex is sex. On the other hand, any relationship between two men should be a growing experience, and there is no single area in human sexuality where this can be better realized than in sado masochism.

Next year will soon be upon us, and with it the great Inferno XII.

See you there!

□

DRUMSTICKS



Carlo

"Oh geez, he just ate all the Crisco!"

Three Haiku

I.
He gave me a warm
Beer as an invitation
His eyes told stories

II.
I licked his leathers,
Sucked him off. Why now
Is he fast asleep?

III.
The gentlest kiss,
Touching me everywhere, No,
It was my own hand



Carlo

"I hope you realize that half the men on
Folsom have been waiting two years for this."



"Corporal, you realize that this is one hell of a time to
want to be circumcised."

"Not a bad trade at all, Jill Ireland, my old Toyota and the
Lone Ranger's fuckin' mask collection for you, baby."

CROWN of THORNS

by Aaron Travis

Eric lies on his back, wrists and ankles bound to the bedposts, blindfolded, hovering somewhere above the pain that wracks his body. He is naked except for the dog collar around his neck and the leather thong tied cutting-tight around the base of his genitals. His cock is hard so hard it hovers above his belly, rigid and throbbing. His penis projects into the air, untouched but not unfelt. Eric senses the sweet aching from within, the pulsing current of constricted blood that fills his shaft heavy and dense as mercury. He senses the surface of his cock like a grid of nettles, a tender, bloated envelope of flesh thatched with thin welts along the shaft and especially about the head, where the stiff, slender whip has stung him.

Eric gave the whip to the man earlier, explained what it was good for, asked the man to use it on him. The man wielded it more thoroughly and harshly than Eric could have hoped, but only after satisfying his own ideas of what kind of pain should be put into Eric's body.

He fixed clamps upon Eric's nipples, fitted a gag into his mouth, weighted his balls, whipped him with a belt as he made Eric crawl across the floor. He bound his wrists with handcuffs and made him stand upright to be slapped, punched and belted. He pushed him onto the bed and fucked him, impaling Eric on his cock while he speared a dildo down Eric's throat, then impaling him on the dildo while he fucked his face. Finally, when Eric was weakest, the man uncuffed him, spread his body into an X and tied his limbs to the bedposts. Then he reached for the whip.

Illustrations by Chuck Arnall

Now, much later, Eric writhes upon the bed, his body suffused with pain. It is wrapped about him like a mist of acid. His face is hot, his lips swollen from the slapping. His ass is burning and numb from the belt, his nipples tender from the clamps and the whip. His throat and ass are sore and bruised within. The bed-sheets are soaked with his sweat.

Eric has not touched his cock, and the man has touched it only with the whip. Eric cannot see it, cannot touch it, can only sense it; but he knows it is stiff as wood. As he writhes upon the bed his hips define a lurid circle, his bound and bloated cock fucks the air.

The man has left for a time. In the darkness behind the blind-fold Eric tries to remember what the man looks like. Lean and muscular, though less muscular than Eric; a cock bigger than Eric's, much bigger. Eric remembers black leather, a vest and crotchless chaps that match the man's darkness and make obscene display of his naked flesh. His face...his voice...Eric cannot reassemble them out of the silent darkness.

It does not matter. Eric has had many men like this one since his return to the States. Some are more satisfying, more cruel and relentless than others; some know better than others how to spit him upon their cocks, how to bring him to the grey nadir. This one he has seen several times, will probably see again.

But it will not stop the craving. With all these men, as the first surge of submission and abandon begins, he imagines he is with Rezi again—reeling from the sting of Rezi's hand across his face—forcing his throat onto the dense thickness of Rezi's cock—opening his legs and straining to hold them open as Rezi splits him with the shaft—

He had thought, when he was returned to Washington from Istanbul—or rather, when he was sent home in disgrace—that he would learn to forget his craving for Rezi, if not for the things Rezi did to him. But Rezi was like the blood-red Turkish poppy. Rezi's sweat was morphia, Rezi's semen was opium. Eric was the addict, and Rezi the drug. Only pale substitutes, weak echoes of euphoria, are available to him now. The real thing has been sealed away from him forever.

He lives in San Francisco now, in another city built on a hilly tongue of land surrounded by sea. But often at night, hearing the foghorns, sensing the shroud of fog and the surrounding waters, he imagines himself returned to another life in another world. They thought they had punished him when they exposed his weakness and expelled him from Istanbul, naked in his humiliation; but the true punishment is that he can never return.

1

They met when Eric was with the Agency, stationed in Istanbul. It was in the spring of 1980, in the last months before the coup. Eric lived in a hotel in the city, in a small room on the fifth floor that faced the Bosphorus. The view from his terrace was spectacular and dismal. Seen through the haze belched from the inland factories, the ornate minarets and the vast dome of Hagia Sophia were like calcified eruptions of stone rising above the squalor. Beyond was the Bosphorus, a dark channel of water scalloped with tiny waves, glistening bleakly under the sun and crawling with life—small craft and oil-streaked tugboats busy as maggots on the water, tiny in the distance and dimly seen across the gulf of fusty air. Beyond the Bosphorus, the far shore of Turkey-in-Asia could only be guessed at.

Eric posed as an interpreter at the American consulate. He was fresh in the field, little known on the circuit; officially he was simply a civil servant, with no ties to the Agency.

His real work took him across the Bosphorus each morning, by ferry to Scutari. His contact there was a British agent named Maple who had been serving Her Majesty since the days of Kennedy and Khrushchev. Because he was new and untested, Eric's work was unexciting, largely confined to unclassified paperwork; but because he could travel unremarked between the city and the suburbs, he sometimes acted as a runner, carrying packets of information from contact to consulate.

On these excursions he dressed informally, wearing sunglasses and white summer suits without a tie. Because of his dress, the locals sometimes assumed he was Italian. More often, because of his blond hair, they took him for a German or Swede.

One morning, on the deck of the ancient steam-powered ferry, he noticed a man dressed in dirty khakis and a workshirt dusted with soot. The man was a Turk. He stood alone at the stern, smoking a cigarette. His hair was dark and wiry, cut very short. The ragged ends of his mustache curled around the corners of his mouth. His thick upper lip was drawn back slightly, revealing a row of large white teeth with a gap in the middle. His jaw was cleanshaven and dark with the shadow of his beard.

The Turk's chest and shoulders were massive. At first, Eric thought he was short and stocky. Then a passenger in a business suit joined the Turk at the stern, and Eric saw the man's stature in perspective. He was tall, well over six feet. He was not stocky. He was broad with muscle.

Eric strolled toward the stern. He stopped a few yards away from the Turk and the businessman and lit a cigarette. He pretended to watch the traffic on the water. When his eyes passed the Turk, they lingered.

The big man leaned on one elbow against the railing. He looked to Eric like some sort of magnificent animal, relaxing in the sunlight. When he raised the cigarette to his lips, his bicep contracted and filled the loose sleeve of his shirt.

The shirt was soaked with sweat. In the brisk breeze, it snapped about the Turk's waist and molded itself to his torso. His chest rose hard and high below his collarbone; there was a deep cleft between the muscles. Below his pectorals, his belly was like a curved shield ribbed with muscle. Through the thin wet cloth, Eric could see the man's nipples, the indentation of his navel, the mat of wiry hair that covered his chest.

The smaller man was talking to the Turk and fidgeting, shifting nervously from foot to foot. The Turk looked bored, and faintly amused. The small man finished whatever he was saying and looked up at the Turk expectantly. The Turk did not answer. He did not look at the man. He smiled thinly, curling his upper lip to show the gap between his front teeth. Then he casually raised his arms above his head and stretched. His chest expanded and his waist contracted to an oval so compact Eric imagined he could fit his hands around it.

The man in the business suit stared openly and moistened his lips. Eric realized that the man was propositioning the Turk, and the Turk was teasing him, displaying his magnificent body while ignoring the man's presence.

The Turk tensed his shoulders. The muscles rose in knots around his neck. Then he relaxed and dropped his arms to his sides. He was still smiling. There was something obscenely presumptuous about his smile, cloyingly sweet with disgust and pity. If a man ever looked at me that way, Eric thought, I'd kill him.

The man in the suit reacted differently. Need erupted like a tattoo across his face. He dropped his eyes to the Turk's crotch and reached to touch him there. The Turk allowed the man to grope him for a moment, then picked the man's hands away. He cupped his own hand over the mound that projected from his pants like a pair of clenched fists. He ran his other hand luxuriously over his chest and belly, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to touch and admire himself in front of another man.

The smaller man grew more agitated. Eric watched his hands open and clench. He spoke again. Eric could not make out the words, blown away by the wind, but he could hear the tone of the man's voice—barely controlled, servile, pathetic. Eric shared the man's embarrassment. His face turned hot and the back of his hands prickled.

The man in the suit fell silent. The Turk still had not looked at him. The man bit his lip and turned away, then turned back. He opened his mouth to speak, but there was no sound. The Turk ignored him. He ran his hands slowly over his chest and stretched again. Then he brushed the man aside and left him.

alone at the stern

Eric watched as the Turk approached. The sight of the man's body, drawing nearer, seemed to paralyze him. For a moment, as the Turk passed beside him, their eyes met and Eric felt completely exposed, like a naked boy caught masturbating. The Turk smiled at him. Eric had an impulse to speak, but his throat was frozen.

The Turk walked on. Eric turned his head, unable to take his eyes from the man's body. The damp shirt was stretched taut across his back, molded to the dimpled muscles in his shoulders. His narrow hips swayed gently as he walked. The khaki pants, loose everywhere else, were pulled flat across his ass. The cheeks were like a single ledge of hard rolling muscle.

The Turk reached an opening in the deck and descended out of sight.

Eric passed the day in a state of continual excitement. His mind was on the Turk all through his meeting with Maple. He hoped that he would see him again on the return ferry, but the Turk did not appear on deck. From the soot on his clothes and the breadth on his shoulders, Eric guessed that he worked in the boiler room. He imagined the Turk stripped to the waist, loading coal into the furnace with his strong arms, his flesh hot from the flames and pouring sweat. He imagined his own mouth pressed deep into the hard muscled cleft of the Turk's chest, his tongue lost in the mat of wiry hair, drinking up the man's musky sweat.

Back in the city, he went to the consulate to drop off a packet that Maple had given him. The fantasies were like a log around his head. There was a briefing on new Russian naval maneuvers in the Black Sea; Eric could not concentrate on the graphs and maps. During the slide presentation that followed, he took advantage of the darkness to place his hand on his lap and press discreetly against the erection that had been there since the morning ferry ride.

After the consulate, he was free for the day. He considered going back to the ferry. He did not go, a part of him would not admit the reality of the obsession that had overtaken him. On his way to the hotel he chose a meandering route that took him through the Gardens around the Sultan Ahmel Mosque. He had heard, somewhere, that late at night the Gardens became a cruising ground for sailors, hustlers, drug dealers... and the underground police.

In late afternoon there were few men in the park. Most of them gave him no more than a glance. But there was one, a heavy Turk with enormous shoulders, who leaned provocatively against a tree and smiled at him lewdly. Eric drew closer to the man, then turned back, shocked at himself. His heart beat wildly as he reached the outskirts of the Gardens. He had to rest for a moment on a bench to catch his breath.

He ate a one at the cafe across the street from his hotel. The waiter, who knew him, asked what was wrong with the food. Eric explained that he had no appetite that evening.

Later, alone in his room, he thought about returning to the Gardens. Instead he took off his clothes and masturbated, thinking about the Turk.

Other men, in Eric's experience, had radiated the same attraction, but never so strongly. The Turk was irresistible. It was not just his body—the rough beauty and power scarcely concealed by the thin, damp clothing he wore. It was the manner in which he carried himself, the image of total self-possession he projected—and the cruel way he had teased the man on the ferry, allowing him to touch the thing he wanted before rejecting him. So aloof, smug, disdainful.

Eric imagined that such a man would be very rough with the few lucky ones whose advances he chose to accept. He would know how desperately they wanted him. He would be callous, selfish with his pleasure, malicious. Even if he were cautious and gentle, there would be pain. Eric had been fucked only a handful of times, in odd places on odd occasions. He thought of the thing that bulged, obvious and huge, from the front of the Turk's trousers. The Turk was strong enough to force it inside another man, willing or not. The image frightened Eric. It made his cock grow hard.

Eric imagined it in his mouth. Years ago, on the Stanford campus—where Eric was engaged in the studies that would later make him such a perfect candidate for the Agency's Turkish operations—a stranger in a men's room had taken Eric's head in his hands and driven his cock all the way down Eric's throat. The cock, no bigger than Eric's own, had made him sputter and gag. The sudden violence had angered him, he had left without satisfying the man, but for years afterward, whenever he thought of the incident, it excited him, and he wished he had stayed. If the stranger had been as magnetic as the Turk, would he have objected?

Eric ran his hands over his body, appreciating it, touching it, as the Turk had touched himself. He was certainly more attractive than the rejected man on the ferry. At twenty-seven, his face was still boyish, clean-shaven with high cheekbones and a firm jaw. His body was lean and smoothly muscled, shaped by the athletics of a privileged class, tennis, racquetball, rowing. Each summer for the past eight years he had cycled from Stanford to Monterey to visit his family, then down the coast highway to San Diego and back; his thighs were broad with muscle, his buttocks round and compact. Was he what the Turk wanted?

He touched his nipples, slid his fingers down the contoured flatness of his belly, over his hips and around to converge at the cleavage between his cheeks. He slipped two fingers deeper into the cleft of the opening there. His fantasies ran wild and broke into fragments. A stranger in a toilet stall—The Turk glistening like molten copper in the red light of the furnace—a heavy mass of flesh atop him, holding him down, arms and legs outstretched—crackling of flames—pistons firing—

Eric came, sooner than he intended.

The next morning Eric arrived at the ferry tense and short of breath. He watched for the Turk as he boarded. He circled the deck, searching for him. Eric was not sure what he would do when he found him; he only knew that he wanted to see the man, badly. But the Turk did not appear.

He did not see the Turk all week.

The obsession, deprived of its center, began to break, or at least to lose focus. Eric gradually resigned himself to the likelihood that he would never see the Turk again—or that if he did, nothing would come of it.

But the fever continued. He locked himself in his room every evening and masturbated all night, drawing out the pleasure for hours, pinching and slapping his own flesh, searching for more violent fantasies.

He wanted to feel a cock in his mouth again. The last time had been months ago, just before he was approved for entrance into the Agency. It happened in a hotel in Washington. The young porter caught his eye in the elevator. In his room, without a word, the dark-haired young man opened his tight uniform trousers and showed Eric his erection, short, blunt and very thick. Eric knelt and sucked the porter's cock. The young man did not move or make a sound, even when he shot. One moment, unexpectedly, the cock in Eric's mouth began to jerk, the next moment the porter was filling his mouth with semen.

Afterwards, zipping his pants, the porter told him: "You suck pretty good." The words were flat, like a compliment that had to be given. Eric simply nodded. He knew he had done a poor job. The young man's cock deserved much better. Eric had been distracted, paranoid. The Agency was in the process of assigning his security status. He was not worried, he had always been very discreet. But it was reckless to suck a stranger's cock in a room that, for all he knew, might be filled with bugs. That was the first time Eric realized the degree of self-control—and self-denial—he would have to practice once he was in the field and frequently under surveillance.

He gave the porter a fifty. The young man smiled at the size of the tip and lewdly hinted that he would be available for more: "You know, if you get hungry... and you can't find what you want in the room service menu..." Against his will, Eric told the porter that he wouldn't be needing his services again.

The hotel porter in Washington had given him a mouthful of

come to swallow. The come had been warm and thick. The taste had been musky and slightly bitter. Eric wanted a man to come in his mouth again. He wanted the Turk on the ferry to put his cock in his mouth and fill it with come.

Eric thought of the Gardens again. Too dangerous. He would as likely receive a knife in his back as cock down his throat. There was also the chance of arrest by the Istanbul police. Eric would be immune from prosecution, but the Agency would be scandalized. Expulsion would be certain.

Over the weekend, the fire the Turk had sparked in him died to a smoulder, more smoke than flame; exhaustion and frustration left little room for desire. By the following Wednesday he was almost back to normal, breathing easily, managing to keep his mind on his work. Less and less frequently the brushfire swept through him, demanding that he surrender to the fantasies and touch himself.

He ate breakfast in his room. He dressed in white pants and a white jacket, the sun promised to be fierce. He walked to the Scutari ferry.

That was the day he saw the Turk again.

As before, the man stood alone at the stern, smoking a cigarette. Eric's pulse began to race. His breathing grew quick and shallow. The longing returned in full force, catching him unprepared and defenseless. His body, confused, revolted. His knees went soft and his mouth turned dry.

He drew as close to the man as possible without being obvious. He watched from behind the inadequate concealment of a narrow wooden post.

The day was already hot. The breeze had died. The Turk tossed his cigarette into the water and unbuttoned his shirt.

Eric clutched the post and watched as the Turk pulled the sweat-soaked shirt from his shoulders and crumpled it into a ball. The Turk leaned against the railing, closed his eyes and breathed deeply, letting the sun warm his gleaming arms and chest. He stood facing Eric with his knees apart and his hips pushed forward as if, Eric imagined, he were waiting for Eric to come to him and kneel.

The sunlight on the man's trousers was dazzling. Eric stared at his crotch and saw that the thing within was stirring, like a sun-baked serpent straining to lift its head against the confining cloth. Eric moved to approach him, as the other man had done before. But he could not bear it if the Turk snubbed him. And he knew, in that instant, that he was capable of doing what the other had done, of degrading himself before the Turk. Eric shrank from the possibility. And yet, the Turk had at least allowed the man to touch him. Eric wanted to touch...

At that moment, as Eric lost all consciousness of his own appearance and allowed the lust to spread over his face like a damning stain, the Turk opened his eyes and saw him.

Eric froze as he was, lips parted, eyes fixed on the Turk's, tongue loose and wet in his mouth. The Turk tilted his head quizzically. He smiled faintly, revealing the space between his teeth. He moved his hands to the front of his hips and framed his crotch, drawing the loose material tight across his cock. Not touching, but displaying.

After a moment, he pushed himself from the railing and walked toward Eric.

Eric saw spots before his eyes and turned away, suddenly unable to face the man. His shoulders turned to gooseflesh, anticipating the man's touch. But the Turk did not touch him. Eric felt, rather than saw, the mass of the Turk's body pass beside him.

Eric turned and lifted his face. The Turk was descending into the hold, looking back at him. His eyes moved up and down over Eric's body as he took the steps. His legs and waist, then his massive chest and shoulders, then his face, still watching Eric, disappeared below the deck.

Eric hesitated, knowing what he had to do but needing time to gather the courage. At last he followed.

Into the hold. Into a narrow, winding passageway of booming metal and dim light. Banging of steel on steel and the smells of oil and friction. The corridor straightened. Ahead he saw a red

glow. The heat from the chamber seemed to suck him inside. Black metal framing sheets of flame. He did not see the Turk.

He heard a sound like trickling water. He followed the sound. Around the corner was a narrow alcove lit by a naked light bulb hung from the ceiling. The walls were covered with crackling pale green paint. Before a rust-stained porcelain trough littered with cigarette butts, the Turk was standing with his pants open.

For a confused instant, Eric thought that the Turk was holding his right forearm in his left hand. Then he realized that the thing in the Turk's hand was his cock. He was pissing.

The Turk smiled at the shock on Eric's face. He took the cigarette from his mouth and dropped it into the trough. He glanced down and aimed his piss at the glowing tip, making it hiss and expire.

He stopped pissing then and shook his cock, spattering the porcelain with yellow drops. He reached into his pants and pulled out his balls, and turned toward Eric.

Eric stared, open-mouthed. The unnatural size of the Turk's organs was shocking. More shocking was the way he displayed them so casually, like an open threat. Eric could not bear to look at them. He could not bear to look at the Turk's face, smiling and blank, promising nothing. He fixed his eyes on the man's broad chest, where the crisp short hair lay flat against the swelling muscles. The chest loomed larger and filled his vision as the Turk drew closer.

Then the Turk was before him. His breath, stale with tobacco, was moist and warm on Eric's forehead. Eric looked up. The Turk's eyes caught his and held them; he took a step closer. Eric felt the blunt tip of the Turk's cock press against his crotch.

"Deutsch?"

Eric answered in Turkish. "No. American."

The Turk nodded slowly. "An American," he said. Perhaps he pushed with his hips, or perhaps his shaft grew longer, fuller; the blunt flesh pressed harder against Eric's crotch. The Turk tilted his head and stared down at Eric obliquely. "Do you know what I think of Americans? I piss on Americans." He paused, giving Eric time to respond. Then he went on. "I piss on them, then I fuck them." His nostrils flared. "Do you like to get fucked by Turkish cock?"

It was what he had wanted, exactly. The moment had arrived, un hoped for. Eric was frozen again. Afraid of letting it happen, afraid of letting the moment pass. Then the new sensation obliterated all his thoughts.

A flowing sheet of warmth covered his groin and seeped down his legs. It was so unexpected and pleasurable, Eric did not question it. The Turk's cock, touching him there, seemed to be pouring warmth into his crotch.

Eric could hardly believe it. His wildest fantasies were outstripped in an instant. His only response, as the Turk continued to piss against his crotch, was to moan and dig his fingernails into the palms of his hands.

The warm flow ceased and the Turk stepped back. Eric looked down at the circle of wetness that covered the front of his trousers. The stain ran down the inside of each leg to the knee.

"You've wet your pants, American."

The Turk's hands moved to undo the clasp of Eric's pants. He unzipped them and peeled the wet corners of cloth away from the clammy flesh. He pushed them down over Eric's hips. Eric's cock sprang free. The pants dropped and pooled around his feet.

The Turk stepped forward again. His cock had grown thicker, longer. Still it drooped. The head pressed huge and round into Eric's testicles. The Turk began to piss again.

Eric's face twitched and went slack, unable to hold any expression for more than an instant. There was incredible pleasure between his thighs, a swirling, pressing, trickling warmth around his balls like a nibbling mouth. He listened to the frothing liquid sound and the splash of piss on the floor below.

The flood ended. The Turk curled his upper lip.

"That's what I think of all those wriggling American babies in your sack. Now I'll show you what I think of you."

He clamped his fingers onto Eric's hip and forced him to turn



Eric's feet were tangled in the wet cloth around his ankles. He fell spinning and caught himself on the edge of the porcelain trough. The Turk grabbed his balls from behind and forced him to raise his ass and open his thighs. His head whirled from the smell of strong urine and moldering cigarette butts.

There was only a moment for fear. Then the Turk was in him, all the way. Eric opened his mouth to scream. Nausea clotted his throat. He made a stifled, rattling sound.

The Turk pulled out. The pain flowed out to the lips of Eric's ass. There was a vacuum inside him, surrounded by stinging thorns, and a strange, sweet ache. Eric shuddered and stared into the trough. He watched a long string of saliva drip from his mouth and slap the porcelain. Then the Turk was in him again, all the way.

Eric clutched the rim of the trough. His knuckles turned white as the porcelain. For a moment he wondered if it was the Turk's cock inside him. He had been fucked before. This is not what he had felt. It had to be something else—a bottle, a brand, a torch...

Then the Turk began to fuck him, and Eric knew the thing in his ass was alive.

The sensation in his bowels had no beginning or end. It was everywhere. He was a tree of nerves inside and every spindle fed directly to his ass and the thing that moved inside it.

It was forever. The Turk's cock was part of him now and it would never leave, it would be there forever, like a new organ lodged inside him. His body fought to eject it. The cock fought back and won.

The Turk did not touch him. He fucked from the hips. His pounding was relentless. There was no respite. The cock demanded to be inside him.

The pain was indescribable, irresistible. Eric could not bear it. He could not fight it. The pain itself rendered him helpless. The cock sapped all his strength, drawing it out of him with each outward stroke, then pumping fresh pain into him with each inward rush.

Eric's eyes wandered drunkenly over the trough, confused by the merging whiteness of his bloodless hands, the porcelain, the cuffs of his jacket, down to his own cock. There was no sensation there except the feeling that was everywhere in his body, the fullness radiating from his ass—yet his cock was hard. He had no time to wonder. Nothing was real but the thing that moved in his ass.

At last he managed to speak. "Please," he whispered, "please—please—" until the word became a chant in time with the rhythm of the Turk's pummeling hips. He was not begging the Turk to stop. He was begging for him to go on forever.

This was what he had wanted. It was the Turk inside him. It was the Turk's huge cock pumping him full of sensation.

At some uncertain point, pleasure joined the pain and then replaced it. Eric's cock, untouched, began to throb with feeling as if the Turk were stroking it from within, filling it to bursting, the Turk's cock inside his own. Eric looked down, shaken and dizzy from the constant pounding against his ass. He was coming. Not in spurts—the white cream poured in a steady flow from the tip of his cock into the trough below.

Still the Turk fucked him. Suddenly he grabbed Eric's cheeks, one in each hand, and stopped. The cock was buried inside, motionless. Then it throbbed and jerked. The Turk released a low, growling moan. Eric felt the cock shudder and empty itself inside him.

Time stopped, and did not start again until the Turk began the long, slow withdrawal. Inch after inch pulled free. An endless glistening club removed from his bowels. Then, with a belching sound, it was gone. Eric was empty again.

He tried to catch his breath. He tried to stand, but when he stepped away from the trough his back was too stiff to unbend. The bones in his legs had disappeared. His legs could not support him. Eric sank trembling to his hands and knees. He stared at the floor, orange-gray in the light from the furnace.

He looked over his shoulder. The Turk was above him, hands on his hips, breathing hard. His cock was still full and stiff. It

stood straight out from his groin, smooth and dark and impossibly huge. The Turk gave him a smile without warmth.

"You liked that, didn't you?"

Eric looked at the floor. "No."

"Liar. Stand up."

Eric rose to his feet, pulling his pants up to his waist, wanting to cover himself. The pants were wet with piss.

The Turk stepped forward and wiped his cock on the bottom flap of Eric's white jacket, smearing it with brown mucus. "Which id you like best," he said, "when I pissed on you, or when I fucked you?"

Eric flushed and looked away. The Turk nodded. "It doesn't matter." He pushed his cock inside his trousers and closed them. Eric moaned involuntarily as the shaft withdrew from sight. The Turk smiled. "Follow me."

They went to a dim, small office. The Turk placed a smudged square of yellow paper and a pencil before him on the desk.

"What's your name?"

"Eric."

"Just Eric?"

"Eric Christie."

"My name is Rezi. You are living in Istanbul?"

"Yes, at a hotel..."

"They have a telephone?"

"Yes."

"Write it down."

Eric shook his head. "I can't. I can't see you again like this."

Rezi grabbed the back of Eric's neck and pulled him to his toes. "I may want to see you again." He pressed Eric's hand to his crotch. He was still hard. Eric felt the stiffness through the cloth and the memory of it filled his ass. "I may want to fuck you again."

The Turk raised his hand to Eric's face. He ran a finger, gray with soot, over Eric's lips. "Maybe I'll use your mouth next time. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

Eric closed his eyes and nodded.

"Alright then." Rezi pushed him back to the desk. Eric wrote his name and address. His hand shook so badly the script was barely legible. While he wrote, the Turk stood behind him, pressing his fingers into the crack of Eric's ass.

Then the Turk sent him away.

On the deck of the ferry, Eric felt like a leper. His clothes were rumpled and filthy. His face was smudged with dirt. His body was soaked with sweat. There was a clamminess between his legs as if his thighs and ass had been smeared with jelly. The stain of Rezi's piss was dark down the front of his pants.

He could not see Maple in this condition. He took the return ferry to Istanbul. He kept his eyes on the water, knowing that others were staring at him.

He wandered back to his hotel room. Hundreds of eyes followed him on the street. He could not even walk normally. It felt as if there were still something lodged inside his ass, huge and throbbing.

He called Maple and gave an excuse for being late. Something about an accident on the way to the ferry. His own words sounded faltering and false in his ears.

He showered, changed, took a later ferry to Scutari. Maple seemed suspicious. Perhaps he was only concerned.

Back in the city, at the consulate, his superiors noticed his condition and asked if he were sick. He told them he was not. There was a large stack of paperwork on his desk. He shut himself in his office and lost himself in the work. He did not leave until very late.

He returned to the hotel. There was a message for him at the front desk. Call me tonight. Rezi.

The plaster walls were unpainted, and most of the furnishings were crude, but scattered about the rooms were several expensive objects—a silver cigarette lighter with obsidian inlays, an enormous bronze ashtray, a chrome box with a few pieces of jewelry. There was also a telephone.

It was clear that Rezi accepted gifts for his favors. Eric never offered them. Rezi never asked him for anything. Eric considered this a small triumph in the midst of a great defeat.

Rezi was an engine, inexhaustible. Eric was the fuel. The sex would go on for hours. Eric gave all he had. It was never enough. Rezi would use him up. Drained completely, Eric would tear himself away, his jaw and his ass unable to take more of Rezi's cock. He would barely have enough strength to return to the hotel. There he would fall into bed and sleep until morning.

Sometimes he saw Rezi on the ferry. Rezi never took him down to the boiler room again. On the ferry they were strangers. But after work, Eric walked faithfully through the winding streets to the shabby apartment and delivered his body for Rezi's use.

Eric had always been aware of the beauty of his own body.



Rezi Baxal lived in a ramshackle tenement building on a narrow cobblestone street in the Stamboul district. It was there that Eric went each night to be used and humiliated.

Knowing what Rezi did for a living, Eric was surprised by the size of the apartment. There were two rooms and a private bath.

locked into a life of abstinence, he had learned to find excitement in his own flesh. There was something thrilling about the way Rezi treated his body, as if it were a thing of ugliness, hairless and angular and white. Eric's cock was beneath his contempt. Rezi never touched it, except to slap it after he had tied it painfully tight in loops of oxhide that made the pinched flesh ache with bloated sensation. Nor would he allow Eric to touch it. Even the act of rubbing it against the bedsheets or the floor while Rezi fucked him was forbidden. When Eric forgot, and his hips fell into a natural rhythm, Rezi stopped him with a blow to the side of his head. Any reminder of its existence offended him. It was pale, small, an insult to Rezi's own perfect beam of dark muscle.

When he was with Rezi, all Eric's sensations were diverted—to his ass and mouth, vessels for Rezi's cock, to his nipples, which Rezi used to teach him how simply pain could be inflicted, to his balls, on which Rezi vented his special hatred. It was unlikely that their seepings would ever create a child, but Rezi hated them as if they carried the seed of the West, the fountainhead of all the scum of European blood that would poison the earth for centuries to come. Tied with oxhide, the sack was reduced to a hard red knob, small enough to fit in the palm of Rezi's huge hand. His calloused fingers closed like a five-pronged vise, five other fingers in Eric's mouth to gag his screams. More than once he thought that Rezi had ruptured him at last.

Then the orgies began.

They were conceived on the night of the phone call to Ahmed, a friend of Rezi's who worked as a security guard at an American hotel.

Eric had just finished a long, painful evacuation in the toilet. He had not been clean for Rezi's cock. The relentless pounding had compacted the waste inside him into a hard, burning mass. It came out like lumps of caustic clay. The semen Rezi had pumped inside him came out as well. It floated in long opalescent ribbons, dispersed, and clouded the dark water.

Eric emerged from the toilet with trembling legs. There was a dull fire like a rope burn in his bowels. Rezi sat in his chair. His red robe was thrown open to show his chest, so massively muscled that the definition showed clearly through the wiry black hair. His cock was heavy and bloated after the long fuck. The sleek brown flesh was mottled with mucus and oil.

The telephone was in Rezi's hand. He looked up at Eric and continued to speak into the phone. "Yes," he was saying, "an American pig, with blond hair and blue eyes... no cock to speak of, but his legs are always open."

Eric's face grew hot. He lowered his eyes and stared at Rezi's cock. The drooping beam of muscle grew thicker before his eyes. Rezi's virility astounded him. Very soon the cock would be full, and Rezi would put it inside him again.

"He's in the room with me now," Rezi said. He paused, listening. "Naked," he answered. "Sometimes I let him wear a strap of leather around his little boy's cock when he's in my house. Otherwise I keep him naked."

He held the receiver away from his mouth and spoke to Eric, loudly enough to be heard over the wire. "Come here, pig."

Eric crossed the small room and knelt between Rezi's legs. His eyes stayed on the cock. The shaft, still pliant, bowed to gravity. It arched downward and rested on the chair like a sunning serpent. Three veins ran down the length. The cock jerked and hardened a bit; the veins meandered beneath the flesh like rivers changing course.

Rezi laughed. "Go ahead, pig." His voice was cloying and sweet. "Lick it."

Eric opened his mouth and bowed his head. He pressed his tongue against the slick mass of flesh.

Rezi purred with pleasure. "Yes, he does whatever I tell him... of course... both—his mouth, his ass..." Rezi laughed. "When did you ever see it? Ah, that time we went naked on the tourist beach. Those German bitches were scared out of their wits when they saw it. I thought they would turn and run. But my little pig isn't afraid of it. He loves it... Of course it hurts him. You should hear him squeal. But pigs like to be hurt."

Eric tried not to hear. He stared at the base of Rezi's shaft and licked in broad strokes. He ached to touch himself. His cock had shriveled from the pain of the evacuation; now it was hard again. He felt it as a presence projected into the air, throbbing with fresh blood. He did not dare touch it.

"What do you mean you don't believe me? You want the pig to tell you himself?" Rezi pushed the receiver into Eric's face. "Speak, pig."

Eric stared up at him dumbly.

"Go ahead," Rezi shook the phone.

Eric stared at the telephone, pretending not to understand what Rezi wanted. He began to lick again.

Rezi slapped him, the hard calloused hand struck him across his ear and the side of his face.

"Tell Ahmed what you're doing," he whispered gruffly. He pressed the receiver against Eric's mouth and ear, numb where the hand had stung him. Eric looked up at him, close to tears.

"Say it," Rezi hissed. "Say you're licking your man's cock."

Eric swallowed. He moved his lips soundlessly. The words finally began with a stutter. He stopped and closed his eyes. The words rushed out. "I'm licking my man's cock."

Ahmed's breath was heavy over the phone. "What is your name?"

Eric's heart pounded in his chest. Rezi's cock rose to nudge his throat. He prayed that Rezi would take the phone from him. Rezi only scowled and told him to speak.

"My name is Eric," he whispered.

"Eric. A Nordic name. You're blond, as Rezi says?"

"Yes."

"And your breasts are smooth as a woman's. Rezi says you have a woman's nipples, that they beg to be touched. He says you moan with pleasure when he bites them. Is that true?"

"Yes. I suppose."

Rezi jabbed a knee into Eric's ribcage. "Effendi," he whispered. "Address him as your master."

"Yes, effendi." A trickle of sweat crept down Eric's spine. His cock, defined by the empty space around it, throbbed with illusory hugeness.

"How old are you?" Ahmed asked.

"Twenty-seven, effendi."

The man's breath grew ragged. "And you're naked on your knees, with your face between his thighs?"

"Yes," Eric flinched—"Yes, effendi."

"I know his house. I know that chair. I can almost see the two of you." The disembodied voice seemed to stifle a moan. "And you're licking him?"

"Yes, effendi."

Let me hear it. Do it so that I can hear."

Eric obeyed. He lapped at the flesh as loudly as he could, hoping Ahmed would hear and be satisfied, and stop the interrogation. Rezi snarled above him, mistaking his compliance for resistance. He slapped the other side of Eric's face.

Eric's head reeled. Rezi was grinding the phone into his ear. He heard Ahmed's voice again.

"It's big, isn't it? It hangs like an arm between his thighs. I've never seen it hard. It must be huge when he's with you. When you're like that, naked on your knees."

"Yes, effendi," Eric whispered. "Rezi is huge."

Rezi smiled above him. He pressed his cock, almost full, now, against Eric's burning cheek.

"He says you let him put it in your ass," Ahmed sounded skeptical.

"I do, effendi."

There was a long pause. Eric closed his eyes. Ahmed's breath was in his ear, heavy and metallic. The strong smell of Rezi's cock pressed like a mask against his face.

"Rezi, he's a big man. He's very proud of his cock... He fucks you hard, doesn't he?"

"Yes, effendi, very hard." Rezi slapped him lightly with his cock.

"It must be very strange to have something so huge inside you. It must hurt you, very badly."

"Sometimes..."

A swollen vein in Eric's ass was pulsing in time with his heart-beat. A vein down the length of Rezi's cock throbbed across his cheek. For an instant the pulse in his ass and the pulse against his face were together; then they fell out of rhythm. His heart was beating faster than Rezi's.

"But you like it. Rezi says you never refuse him. No matter how many times he takes you in a night. No matter how sore he makes you. So you must like it."

"Yes, effendi."

"Rezi says... that your ass is never empty. That it's always full of his come. He says he's fucked you so much that you walk like a cowboy, with your legs apart."

Eric made no answer, lost in the image of himself walking home after a night with Rezi, cramped and bowlegged, the mouth of his ass streaming fluids.

"He says he just finished fucking you, before he called."

"Yes, effendi."

"And now you lick it."

Eric gritted his teeth. "Yes."

Ahmed gasped quietly. His voice returned at a strange pitch, amazed and excited.

"A moment ago, there was a sound, like a crack. He slapped you across the face, didn't he? With his strong right arm. You know, during the earthquake last year, I saw him hold up a wall alone. His arms were like steel. And he struck you."

"Yes, effendi."

"Do you like that, when Rezi slaps you? The way you like it when he fucks you?"

"Yes, effendi."

"You're a whore, do you know that?" Ahmed's voice was suddenly cold. "A blond American whore. You're just what Rezi calls you. A pig."

Eric did not answer.

"Let me talk to him now."

Eric pulled his face away from the receiver. "He's through with me."

Rezi lifted the phone to his ear and sat back. Then he slapped Eric across the mouth, so hard he was knocked to the floor. Eric crouched on the carpet, unmoving, while Rezi talked and laughed and stroked his cock. The shaft was hard as oak now.

"You believe, huh?" Rezi smirked. "Of course you can use him sometime. That's why I called you." A fresh rivulet of sweat worked its way down Eric's spine. He felt Rezi's hand on his scalp, and jerked. But Rezi only ran his fingers through his hair, almost affectionately. "When a man finds a pig like this one, he should share with his friends, don't you think? Exactly, the way you share those steaks you steal from the hotel kitchen!"

Rezi laughed loudly. He talked on for a while; Eric did not listen. Finally Rezi said good-bye and hung up.

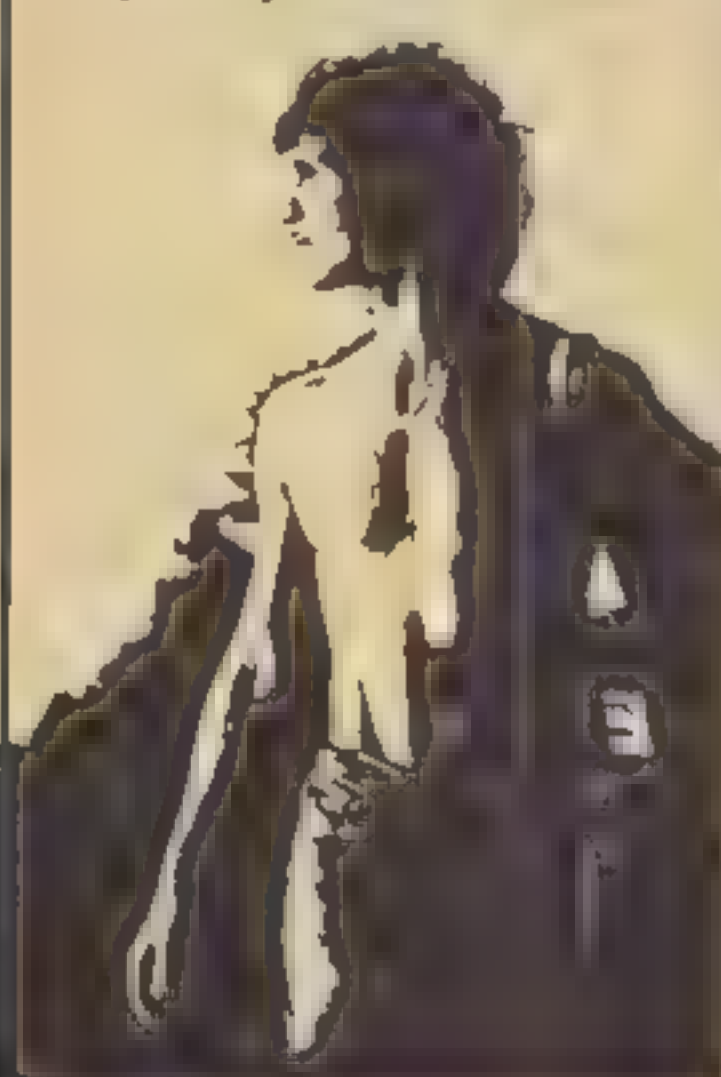
Rezi licked his lips. He held his cock at the base and waved it. He smiled, showing the gap between his front teeth.

Eric crawled to him and licked his left foot. He moved his mouth over the hard, veined flesh of Rezi's calf, over the knee and up the wide bridge of muscle that led to Rezi's balls. Eric warmed the sack in his mouth. Rezi liked to have his balls sucked, first one at a time, then both together. He liked the sight of Eric's face appended to the flesh between his legs, cheeks puffed out with his testicles, holding in his mouth the sack of fluid that would soon be emptied into his ass or his belly. Eric pressed gently with his tongue and lips and the slick inner surface of his cheeks, praying he would not scrape the tender flesh with his back teeth. Rezi paid back pain a hundredfold.

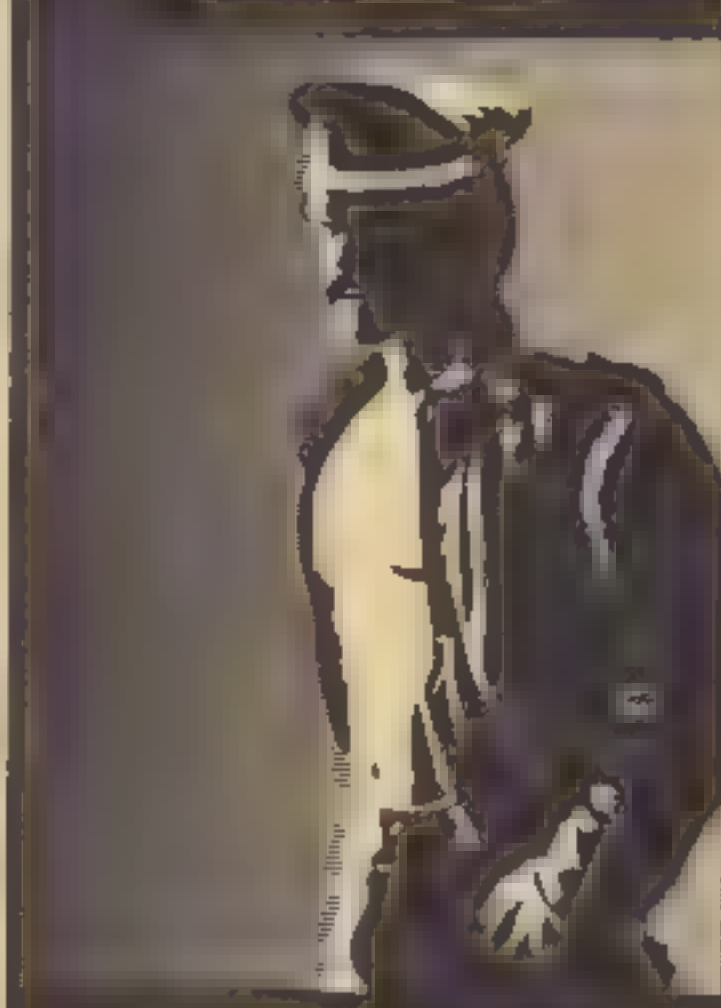
Eric pulled back and let the sack slip from his mouth. It pressed hairy and wet against his chin, then against his throat as he ran his tongue up the broad, curved underbelly of Rezi's cock. At the tip he pulled away, longing to touch it but knowing he should wait. Soon enough it would be in him, more than he could bear. He dropped his jaw and opened his mouth as wide as he could. Rezi's hand closed like a vise around the back of his neck. Eric closed his eyes and caught a last breath.

Suddenly, violently, Rezi pulled Eric into his crotch, impaling his face on the cock. The shaft met a sheath of resistance, like a

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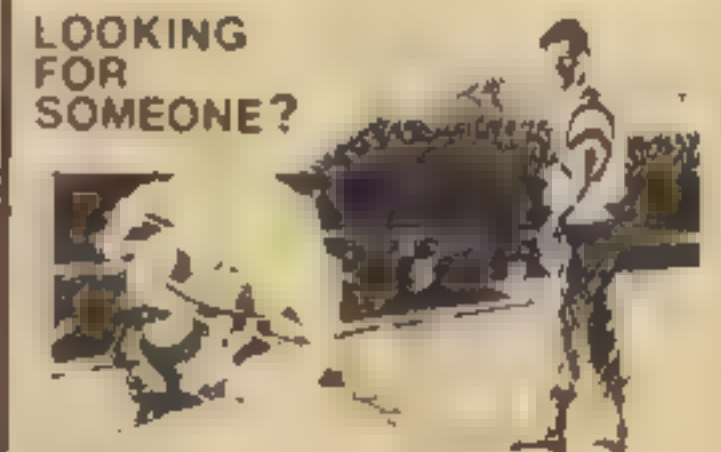


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sphincter; but Rezi continued to force Eric's throat onto his cock, inch by inch, until the entire shaft was buried in hot, convulsing flesh. Eric's body twisted, heaved and submitted.

Rezi did not choose to come for a long time. There were other calls to make.

The next night, Eric met Ahmed. During the next week, he was introduced and offered to all three of the men Rezi called that night.

None of them projected the full range of Rezi's power; none were as big between the legs. But they were alike enough to have been his brothers, dark, broad-shouldered men in their thirties with thick mustaches and smouldering eyes. They had the hard, hairy bodies of working class Turks. Their laughter was sharp and coarse, like the barking of dogs.

Eric met them, and was taken by them, one at a time, then by all together. The uses to which they put him, alone or together, but always under Rezi's amused eye, passed through many stages over the next weeks.

On the game nights, all three came to Rezi's house.

Eric did not know the game they played. He never saw them play. The four men sat at Rezi's table, shuffling cards, drinking cup after cup of black Anatolian coffee, smoking hashish and tobacco. They stripped off their khakis and workshirts and changed into long robes tied loosely at the waist, dressing as Rezi dressed at home. Eric would be naked, crouching on his hands and knees beneath the table.

As they played above him, telling grim, lewd jokes and exchanging crude insults, Eric moved from man to man. One of them would open his robe, part his legs and reach beneath the table to wave his cock. Eric would crawl to the offered sex, press his face between the man's thighs and nurse at the cock. The men soon learned how to indicate, with gentle pressure or a pinch, what they wanted him to do—to lick the inside of their thighs, to hold their balls in his mouth, to bow low and kiss their feet.

Sometimes, the man he served—never Rezi, of course—would hook his foot under Eric's crotch, encouraging him to hold onto the man's thigh and rub himself against the man's leg while he sucked. Or, while he knelt to kiss and lick one of the men's feet, the man behind, feeling Eric's ass against his knees, would reach down to push a finger into his hole, or reach deeper to grab his cock and pry it backward like a lever, squeezing and pulling, then releasing it to hear the sharp slap it made against Eric's belly, over and over. Eric's cock was always hard for them to play with. Bound by Rezi's strap, untended by his own hand, it stayed hard and aching for hours beneath the table.

When a man was finished with him, he would shove Eric's face from his crotch and push him on to the next man.

Every fourth cock was Rezi's. Rezi did not like him to suck aggressively. He preferred for Eric to lick his cock, to let it slide wet with spit over his cheeks and eyes—to love the cock with his face, as Rezi said—then to swallow it down his throat and hold it there as long as he could.

Sometimes, Rezi's cock would suddenly soften in his throat. The tube along the underbelly would fill and press down on Eric's tongue. The men drank coffee all through the game. Rezi pissed often.

Eric learned to swallow without pulling back to clear his throat. He pressed his lips into the wiry hair of Rezi's groin, and Rezi was a soft pipe in his throat, emptying piss into his belly. Only after the cock slid from his throat did the taste, sharp and bitter, rise in the back of Eric's mouth. At those times it was hard to keep from touching himself.

The other men soon noticed that Rezi never left the table to relieve himself. Nothing was said, but one by one they began to make the same secret use of him.

Eric was not allowed to crawl from beneath the table until the game was over. Only once was a game interrupted and left unfinished. Eric had been serving Ahmed. More than the others, Ahmed allowed him some freedom to suck as he wished. Ahmed was the largest of the group, except for Rezi.

That night Eric was fucking his throat on Ahmed's cock,

slowly, then faster and faster, feeling the shaft expand and watching Ahmed's flat belly, hard as steel, bulge and contract with growing excitement. Eric ran his hands over his own belly, pressing his fingers into the puffy skin around the cord that tied off his genitals, making his shaft beat time in the air.

Ahmed reached under the table and pressed his hand against Eric's forehead, signaling him to stop the sucking. Ahmed gasped. His hand withdrew, trembling. Eric tightened his lips around Ahmed's shaft and pushed his face all the way to the man's belly.

The cock throbbed. Ahmed was going to come in his mouth. Eric moaned and began to swallow.

Ahmed had not been ready to come. He pushed himself away from the table, jerking his cock out of Eric's throat. His semen shot into Eric's face and hair. Ahmed snarled and held his cock at the base as if Eric had wounded him there. He cursed loudly and slapped Eric's face, spattering the come that dripped from his forehead and cheeks.

Rezi was furious. He pulled Eric upright by his hair, causing him to scrape his back against the hard edge of the table. He threw him belly down across the tabletop. The others held him down while Rezi left the room. He returned with a thin leather belt.

Rezi struck him across his ass and thighs, then across his shoulders. Eric began to scream. One of the men stuffed his mouth with a sock. When he was through, Rezi passed the belt to Ahmed, who still pouted darkly.

The game was forgotten.

They took him on the table that night. Ahmed, so angered by his premature ejaculation, grew hard again before he passed the belt to the next man. After they had each taken a turn at waiting his backside, Ahmed was the first to fuck him.

On all the other nights, Rezi was first. After they finished a game, they moved into the bedroom. Rezi removed his robe and the others watched while Eric served him. Rezi showed them how an American pig could be made to swallow his cock whole, how pulling on Eric's nipples made him suck more eagerly. "It's like a machine," he explained. "The harder I pull on her tits...the harder she sucks. The deeper I press my fingernails into her nipples...the deeper she takes me down her throat." He showed them how he could drive his cock all the way to the balls in Eric's ass with a single thrust.

After Rezi, the other men took their turns. Sometimes, while Ahmed used his mouth, the other two men would work their smaller cocks together into his ass. After Rezi, there was room inside him for two.

Eric would be in torment while they used him. Their cocks pressed against his bladder, swollen with the piss they had put inside him. He ached to relieve himself. But if he released the flood on Rezi's bed, the punishment would be terrible. If he could relax, he might enjoy the bursting pressure in his ass; but he had to hold himself tense. Every new thrust battered at his control.

Sometimes he could not help himself. His body would revolt, and even as he fought to hold it in, jets of urine would fly from his cock in spasms, as if he were ejaculating. This amused the men, especially Ahmed, who liked to torture him by kneading Eric's swollen belly with his knuckles while he used his ass. "Come for me, pig," Ahmed would whisper in his ear; a jet of piss would squirt from Eric's cock. Ahmed would laugh and fuck him harder.

Rezi liked to watch. He sat in his chair, lazily drawing on a cigarette and stroking his hard cock. He moved his lips obscenely when Eric looked to him for relief.

Eventually the others left. Then Rezi would be ready to take him again.

He would lead Eric, crawling because he was too weak to walk, into the tiny bathroom. There, Rezi sat on the edge of the rust-streaked tub with his feet inside. Eric climbed into the tub and sat on Rezi's waiting cock.

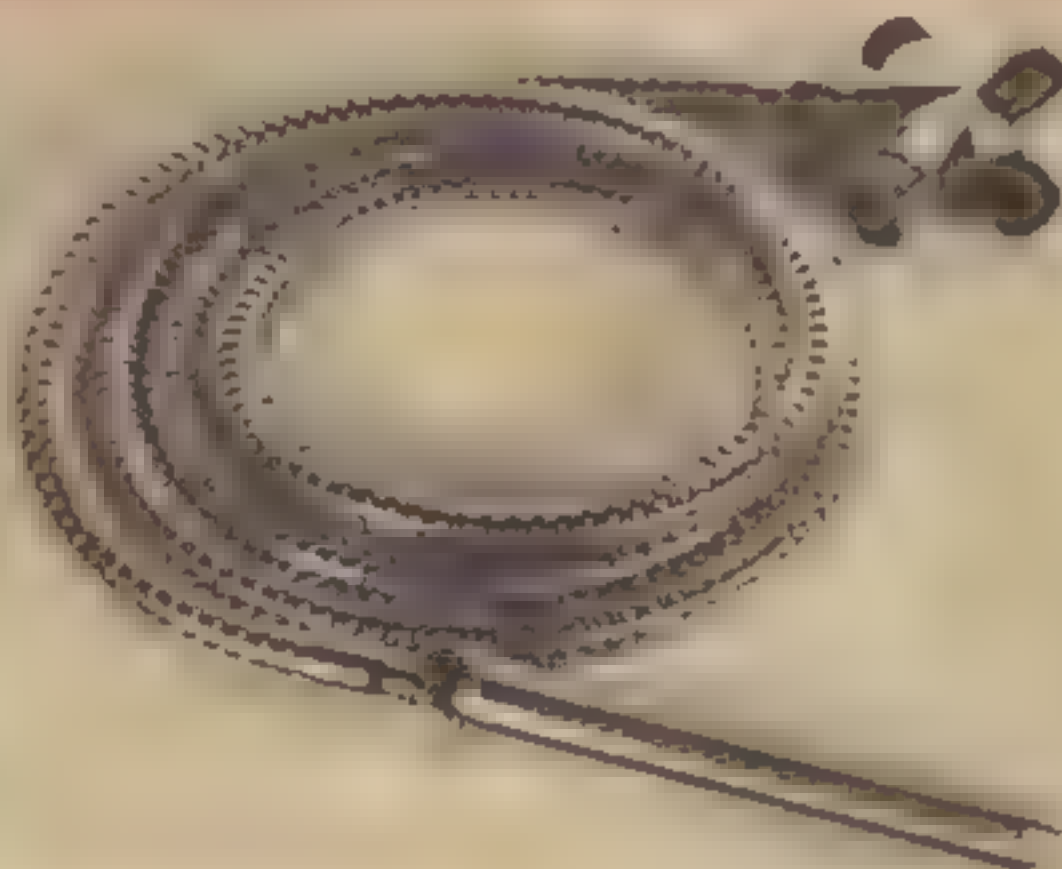
Rezi filled his guts and left no room for the piss in his bladder. When the impalement was complete, the piss began to flow. Rezi held Eric's cock, still stiff, and aimed the uncontrolled rush



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of urine over Eric's belly and chest. Sometimes the flow was so forceful that it splashed onto his neck and chin; and Rezi would point the pissing cock straight up and force Eric's face down so that the jet shot into his open mouth. Eric relaxed inside at last, and Rezi was there, huge inside him. Then he felt a pleasure so exquisite it was worth all the agony that came before.

After Rezi came, perhaps for the fourth time that night, Eric would finally be allowed to touch himself. Rezi sat in his chair, tired and glowing. Eric took his place on the floor. He drew the big cock, soft and satisfied at last, into his mouth. He masturbated while Rezi watched and cooed obscenities.

Often, he was too exhausted to come. He pumped his cock until his body was glazed with sweat and his hair hung in tendrils. He stroked himself frantically, futilely, faster and faster, unable to respond. At a certain point—Eric came to dread the moment—his cock simply became numb. The harder he stroked, the softer he became, until his cock flailed limp and useless in his fist. Even as his efforts to pleasure himself ended in anticlimax, Rezi's cock would be stirring again in his mouth. Then Eric would long for Rezi to use his big cock—to fuck his throat again, or piss in his mouth—to slap his face or twist his nipples. He needed a last, desperate burst of excitement to make his own cock rise.

But Rezi would simply grow bored and push Eric away. He would laugh at Eric's soft cock, and send him home.

It was hard to sleep on the nights they used him. Eric tossed and turned in his bed, trying to find a comfortable position for his battered body. The inner passages of his ass, bruised by their cocks, throbbed in time with his heart. The rough muslin sheets were like razors on his nipples. A welter of strange tastes filled his mouth. His balls, full and heavy, ached as if they would burst. His cock was limp, as it would remain until the next time he stood naked before Rezi, waiting for Rezi's hands or Rezi's cock to make use of him.

Rezi had enslaved him. And Rezi had unsexed him.

3

He was a fool to think that his deterioration would be invisible to the others at the Agency. His concentration grew weak. He seldom spoke except when necessary. He forced himself through each day, fighting a greater and greater accumulation of fatigue. His work suffered. These things did not go unnoticed.

His immediate superior, a thin gray agent named Landers, suggested he visit one of the doctors at the consulate. Eric procrastinated, knowing he would have to explain the marks, faded and fresh, on his body.

Landers was an old hand at the Agency. Considering his age and his years of service in Turkey, his position should have been much higher. Time had borne out Eric's first estimation of the man: that Landers was an unimpeachable mediocrity, the kind of agent who stabilizes early on in a position of low authority—valuable for his loyalty and his slow accumulation of knowledge in a very narrow field, but ultimately unimaginative, more ambitious than capable, aware though painful experience of his limitations and jealous of younger, brighter men. This jealousy he masked as curiosity and mock-parental concern. Landers liked to play the mentor; this gave him the opportunity to exhibit his superior rank, to render advice, to pry. He spoke in a dry, cynical Midwestern drawl that seemed to lace even the most innocent comment with multiple insinuations.

As his obsession with Rezi grew more extreme and its consequences more visible, Eric began to fear Landers. There were numerous small signs that Landers suspected something. These might have been coincidental, as meaningless in fact as they appeared on the surface. Perhaps the frightful connections Eric saw were illusions created by his own anxiety.

Landers asked how he spent his free time. Was Topkapı up to his expectations—or had he been too preoccupied with the Turkish women to play tourist? Landers warned him about venereal disease, cautioned him about religious improprieties and the drug market; the consulate would rescue him from any embarrassing situation, of course (for its own sake), but it was

always preferable to avoid an incident altogether. And once, entirely out of character, Landers made a reference to the famous oil-wrestling matches at Kirkpınar ("faggots fly all the way from the States to see it"), followed by an obscene joke about homosexual tourists hunting for Turkish cock at the Gardens of the Sultan Ahmet Mosque.

Eric did not even try to hide his agitation. Rezi had stripped him of every shell. He could pretend nothing. He moved through life naked now, and was frequently amazed that his exposure was not obvious to everyone; they behaved as if everything were normal, as if nothing about him had changed. It was like walking stark naked into a crowded room, unremarked.

But a man like Landers could smell a younger man's vulnerability. Did he notice the faint bruises on Eric's cheekbone and neck, the small cut on his lower lip? Could he tell, from Eric's awkward gait and the slight wince when he sat, that Rezi's cock had been in him only a few hours before?

Perversely, Eric began to find excitement in his own paranoia. When Landers seemed to drop an innuendo (or as Eric imagined, to subtly interrogate him), Eric felt himself grow loose and submissive between his legs. He thought of Rezi, of Rezi's cock. He allowed his thoughts to show upon his face. He fantasized that Rezi would enter the room at that moment, would strip and abuse him, and Eric would not resist. Landers the gray scarecrow would grow fat with smugness—order the clerks and agents into the room to witness the incident—order cameras to record what could not be spoken—suspicions confirmed. They would all see him for what he was, whimpering and groveling as Rezi slapped his face, fucked his mouth, called him an American pig—

If Landers read these fantasies in Eric's face, his own face was too stony and bloodless to show it. Later, Eric would see that this fantasy had been a prophecy; and he would spend much time considering the role he played in his own destruction.

Then, for a short time at least, Eric had to put a stop to the nights with Rezi. At last, the long-expected coup was about to begin. The Soviets were massing in the Black Sea. American naval units intensifying reconnaissance in the Aegean. There was a new tension in the streets—overnight, a doubling of armed troops, chaotic interruptions in rail service, reports of bombings, confusion, excitement. Intelligence from Ankara was sporadic. Eric worked long hours at the consulate, far into the night. His trips to Scutari ceased, information was being exchanged through higher channels now.

For the first time he became genuinely interested in his work, caught up in the manic flurry. There was simply no time for Rezi. Surprised, Eric found himself working for long hours at a stretch without thinking of him. At night, he left the consulate, ate at the hotel or cafe across the street, showered in his room and went to bed. At first, there were messages from Rezi every night. It was difficult to answer the calls, to tell him he could not come. Rezi did not demand or taunt; he would simply hang up.

Eric knew that Rezi was displeased; and in the taciturn way he accepted the refusals, in the way he continued to call, Eric thought he sensed disappointment as well. This gave him a curious feeling of power, as he realized their affair was not as one-sided as he had imagined, or fantasized. It was strangely disillusioning to discover that Rezi desired him, just as he desired Rezi—and that he could say no, and still be desired. But it also gave him a glimmer of all that Rezi had stripped away from him, and a faltering first step out of the maze of frenzied self-abasement in which he had lost himself since that first day on the ferry.

Each day, while a government crumbled about him and the consulate spun in a whirl of anxiety, Eric felt stronger, calmer. There was a sudden but subtle change, and Rezi began to recede. Not thoughts of Rezi—because Eric thought of him every night as he masturbated before going to sleep. It was his craving for Rezi in the flesh, to be with him, to feel Rezi's cock inside him, that suddenly slackened. As long as he was occupied with useful work—as his own identity and history came back into focus—it began to seem that Rezi had been a fantasy that



had somehow ripped through the safe fabric of his reality, had taken centerstage, had now begun to fade into fantasy again. It was almost as if the memory of Rezi, and the truths he revealed was enough. This saddened Eric, but it gave him a sense of peace as well, a calmness after the madness of the storm. He had passed through fire, and he had survived after all.

But all this was premature. As the days dragged on, the constant tension began to wear on him. Slowly, with a sensation of quiet horror, Eric knew he had taken only a short respite from his need for Rezi. The moment came when he knew that the memories would not be enough.

He still said no when Rezi called, but now he tried to keep him on the line—said the words he knew would invite Rezi to taunt him. Rezi sensed the change in balance and reclaimed the advantage. He might have begun to doubt, but now he knew for certain. Eric was his. He grew abusive when Eric continued to hesitate, called him pig, reminded him of the game nights, of the piss he loved to drink; told him his cock was hard and ready for Eric's throat, slapped it against his thigh so Eric could hear. Eric resisted more feebly now. Almost in unconscious anticipation, he began to hoard his regained energy, still masturbating every night but never coming, falling asleep with his erection in hand and thoughts of Rezi in his head.

Then he saw Rezi on the ferry again.

The countryside was still in chaos, but events in Istanbul had cooled as quickly as they had erupted. There was an important packet from Mapie in Scutari, and no one else to spare. Landers sent him on the evening ferry. He was instructed to pick up the packet and return to his hotel, to sleep beside the documents and bring them to the consulate in the morning.

As soon as he stepped onto the ferry, he knew he would see

Rezi. It was a premonition as exact as his instructions for the day. On the return trip, Rezi stood alone at the stern, taking his cigarette break.

The sun was low, sinking below the water to the west. Its orange rays lit Rezi with a strange, lurid light, like the glow of the furnace below. He had removed his shirt. The sweaty muscles gleamed in the harsh twilight, massive and smooth. The mat of dark, wiry hair between his pectorals was lit from the side, tipped with liquid fire.

He glanced up, saw Eric. They said nothing, kept their distance. Rezi smoked his cigarette, staring. He finished it, tossed it over the rail, approached the stairwell into the hold. He continued to stare as he came nearer. As he passed by, Eric lowered his eyes and shivered.

Rezi paused for a moment. His voice was almost a whisper, low and harsh. "Tonight, I'll have you tonight. Do you understand?"

Eric kept his eyes lowered. He found himself staring at Rezi's crotch. The cock was stiff as a pipe, the shaft and head defined against the damp khaki.

"Rezi. No..."

Rezi moved his hand to his cock, slowly stroked it through the cloth. "Yes. Tonight I'm going to put it in you again. I'm going to fuck you with it all night long." Eric stifled a moan. "And I'm going to beat you. Do you understand? With my belt. You've made me wait, little pig. You've made me wait too long. You'll come to me tonight, and you'll be punished."

No

Yes

"When?"

Eric, staring at the cock, could not see Rezi's face. He felt,

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rather than saw, his smile. "Come before curfew, before midnight. You can leave in the morning, before dawn."

The decision was made. Eric thought no more about it. He hurried to the hotel and climbed into bed. He would be able to catch a few hours of sleep before the long walk to Stamboul.

When the desk clerk called to wake him, he quickly dressed. He had almost forgotten the packet Maple had given him. He considered bringing it with him, decided against it. The valise would be conspicuous at this hour; if he were stopped by the military for any reason, or if he ran into violence. . . Nor could he safely leave it with the desk clerk.

He checked his watch. Twenty minutes to midnight. There was no time to think it through. He slid the valise beneath the mattress of his bed, checked to see that no lumps were visible; it would have to do.

That night, Rezi kept his promise. The punishment was severe. The beating he received, from Rezi's belt, from his open palm and clenched fists, was unlike anything Rezi had done to him before. It was a true beating, relentless from midnight until early dawn.

Rezi stripped him as soon as he entered the apartment, tied his hands behind his back and gagged him. There was reason for the gag, for Rezi made him scream that night—as he also made him moan, whimper, weep. Eric's newfound feelings of independence and change vanished. He was an object, to be punched, slapped, penetrated. Not a man, not even what Rezi called him, a pig, but an object sculpted of flesh and pierced by twin openings, as ass for Rezi's pleasure, a mouth for Rezi's relief. All the rest was ornamentation, for Rezi to enjoy and decorate—nipples to be mounted with clothespins, a cock to be bound and slapped, a belly for Rezi to pummel with his fists. Rezi marked his ass and belly and chest with red welts, and laughed to make him wretch in pain.

Rezi was more brutal that night than he had ever been. To Eric it seemed that Rezi was reclaiming him, and he submitted himself totally. Only later did he realize that Rezi's fury was a

summing up, a final, frenzied farewell to what had been between them.

When it was over, he walked back to the hotel through the narrow, dawnlit streets, shivering from the chill. The morning was surprisingly peaceful; he did not pass a single soldier. If he hurried, he would barely have time for an hour's sleep before the day began.

He entered the hotel, took the lift to his floor. The room seemed somehow different; he was too tired to imagine why. He stripped off his clothes, hesitated for a moment as he passed the mirror and silently gasped at the markings on his body, then threw himself on the bed.

He realized suddenly what was wrong. He scrambled off the bed and frantically reached beneath the mattress.

The valise was gone.

4

The next 72 hours were the longest of his life. Worst was the waiting: Waiting to gather the courage to go to the consulate, to be asked about the valise; waiting, after they sealed him in a bare white room with a toilet and a cot, for the questioning to begin.

He determined that he would volunteer nothing, answer every question in the simplest terms. He would try to escape the worst; but his interrogators seemed to know what direction to take from the very beginning. They were the first to mention the name Rezi Bakal, and when they did, Eric felt a prickling heat over his entire body and knew he was trapped.

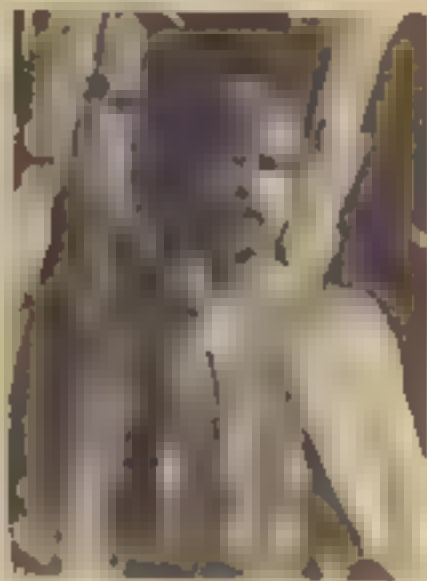
His interrogators were faceless, unemotional, completely professional. They made no attempt to deride or humiliate him. Their coldness told him they considered that his confession—that what he was—was humiliation enough.

They wanted every detail. They made him strip, photographed the marks on his body, demanded the origin of each mark. They recorded his faltering confession, played it back for him to hear, made him repeat and expand upon each detail.

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When it was over, they seemed grimly satisfied. There was nothing he had not told them.

It was Landers who came to release him from the white room. Eric had been sleeping on the cot in the corner, fully dressed, when Landers shook him awake from a sea of lost dreams. Saying nothing, Landers pointed to the wash basin. Eric rose, splashed water on his face. Landers offered him coffee in a paper cup.

"You're free to go now," Landers said. His gray face revealed nothing.

"What?"

"To return to your hotel. We're not keeping you here any longer."

Eric stared at the coarse grains floating on the surface of the coffee, confused. "I thought—"

"You're not under arrest, Christie. The intelligence you lost was of no concern to the military, or you'd already be in their hands. This affair will remain in-house. The consul prefers it that way. He's conferred with me, we've gone over the transcript of your interrogation. There is no reason to suspect you of treason. You've been criminally negligent, but as to your crime, that's to be decided higher up. You'll return to your hotel now, and remain there. A car will arrive for you tomorrow at noon. You'll be flown back to Washington. They'll take it from there."

"Then—you want me to leave the consulate?" Eric was still confused.

"Yes. Through the kitchen and service entrance. No need to go through the offices. Your desk has already been cleared. We'd rather you left as inconspicuously as possible."

Back in his hotel room, dazed, moving like an automaton, Eric paced the floor. He had no sense of time. Later, it was impossible for him to remember his thoughts. Nothing was clear, really, until he threw himself on the bed, hoping at last to sink into an unconscious retreat. There was a lump beneath the mattress. He thought of the valise, but what he found was a pistol with a single bullet in the chamber.

He knew who had left it, and how they intended him to use it.

They preferred that it happen here, away from the consulate. It would be so much easier, so much cleaner for all concerned.

Throughout the afternoon and into the night he lay on the bed, the gun nestled on the pillow beside him, pointing so that he could stare into the dark cylinder of the barrel.

He finally slept for a time. When he awoke, in the last darkness before dawn, he had made his decision. It would rectify everything, he thought. It was the only possible outcome—and realizing what he was thinking, he wondered if he was insane.

He would use the gun. But not as the Agency had intended.

He has remembered what happened next, replayed it in his head a thousand times. It is like a dream that will turn out satisfactorily, if only he dreams it often enough. But the outcome is always the same. The only possible outcome. The worst possible outcome.

He is in the hotel room in Istanbul, lying on the bed beside the loaded pistol. He rises from the bed, takes off his rumpled clothing, showers and shaves, puts on a freshly pressed suit.

He picks up the pistol. Spreading his feet, raising the gun with both hands, he takes aim at the mirror. The image satisfies him, makes him feel secure. He slips the pistol beneath his belt. His buttoned coat is adequate concealment.

He leaves the hotel without incident. They are probably not even watching, they think he is dead by now, or patiently awaiting the car to take him to the airport. He takes a taxi to the quayside, wanting to be sure he catches the first morning ferry. Rezi will be on it. Eric knows his schedule by now.

What will happen afterward? For a moment, on the crowded deck, Eric falters. Is he only compounding the disaster? Does Rezi really deserve to die?

Yes, to both questions. Let the disaster run its course. Let Rezi suffer, for once. It was Rezi who betrayed him. The timing was too perfect to be explained as coincidence. Eric does not for an instant believe that Rezi himself is an agent. No, someone has simply used him, someone who knew who Eric was, who knew

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the power Rezi had over him. They probably paid him to do it—to make sure Eric was out of his room that night. He was only an object to Rezi after all, a valuable toy to be bartered for money.

Eric scans the deck, still not sure that he hasn't been followed. When he is certain no one is watching, he quickly descends into the hold.

He remembers the airless corridor, the booming metal, the first time. Red heat rushes over his face, matching the coldness inside him. He enters the boiler room. Through a maze of pipes, furry with oil and soot, he sees Rezi, bent half-naked to feed the furnace. Perhaps, he thinks, he can do it without detection. The sound of the engine might cover the shot...

Rezi sees him now. He frowns. Eric reads the confusion on his face. Rezi never expected to see him again. Yes, Rezi knew.

Rezi stands, then draws closer, still frowning. The shovel is in his hands. Before he can speak, Eric pulls the gun from his belt. This is the moment Eric has been waiting for—the shock on Rezi's face, the greater shock to come when the bullet penetrates his forehead.

But Rezi only smiles, that smarmy, conceited smile Eric has come to know so well, showing the gap between his front teeth. He draws closer, his shoulders back and chest expanding as he begins to laugh. Eric is paralyzed. Like an insect pinned to velvet, all his limbs are useless. He tries to squeeze the trigger, but the only result is the strange, embarrassing, half-stifled noise that issues from his throat. He would like to silence Rezi's laughter, now, forever. To drown it with a single blast from the pistol. But Rezi is too perfect to be destroyed.

He remembers a hard, black shape erupting against the left side of his head—the shovel, swung by Rezi's strong arms. Eric is knocked to his knees, the gun flies from his grasp. Rezi is over him, no longer laughing, angry now. Eric sees the gun, reaches for it—but Rezi's boot is on his hand, crushing the fingers, making him howl with pain. Then Rezi is over him, smiling again as he points the gun at Eric's temple.

"Do you want it? Eh?" Rezi runs the barrel over Eric's face. He slaps him, and when Eric opens his mouth to cry out, Rezi thrusts the barrel inside. Then, somehow—Eric cannot remember how—because he could not understand it at the time—Eric is on his knees, his pants ripped apart, his wrists held behind his back, the barrel in his mouth and Rezi's cock in his ass.

"You want it, don't you?" Rezi is saying. "This is what you want!"

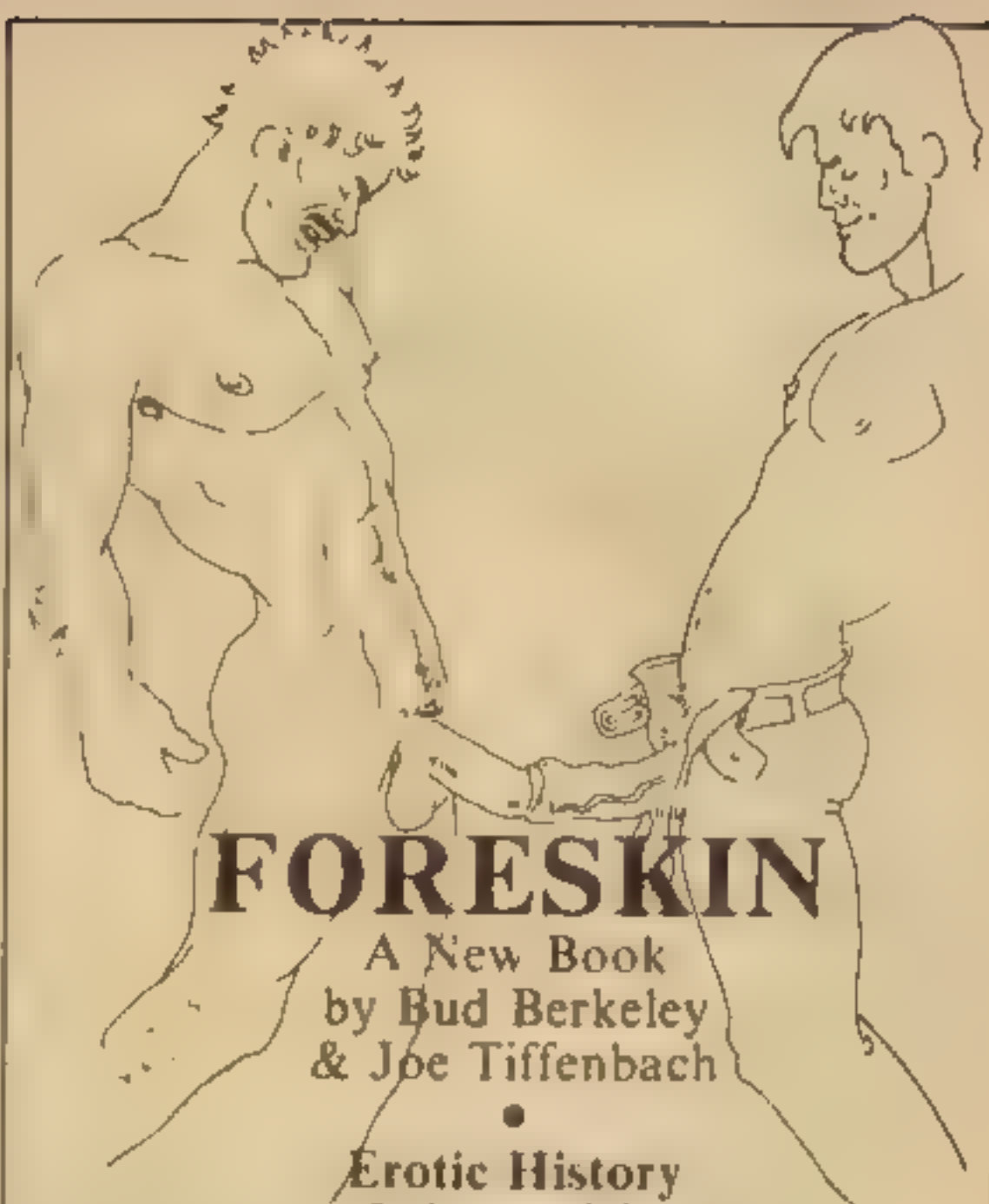
Perhaps Rezi intends to kill him, probably not. He will never know, for at that moment Rezi freezes inside him as both of them realize that someone else has entered the boiler room.

Eric turns his face, and from the corner of his eye sees that Rezi is turning his face as well, in perfect synchronicity. Landers stands framed in the doorway, his face lit by the orange glow.

Then Rezi begins to laugh again, a conspirator's laugh, and he starts fucking again, much harder. Eric looks at Landers' gaunt face, expecting condemnation, shock, disgust—and sees only a thin gray smile.

He will never know for certain, but he is sure it was Landers who set him up. Landers found out about Rezi, contacted him, bribed him; arranged for Maple to dispatch a bogus packet, set the date for Eric's ruin. That is why his punishment—a reprimand and expulsion—was so mild: The packet he lost was only a decoy, part of a test set up by Landers. Eric failed that test, more spectacularly than even Landers could have hoped.

Istanbul is a scar on his life. In three years it has scarcely healed. He keeps the wounds fresh by remembering. He would like to return there. Perhaps, after three years... but the State Department will not allow it. Instead, he lives in another city surrounded by sea, and searches for men who can remind him of Rezi. He imagines himself a slave, bound by chains of memory, as faithful as fate will allow to the master who betrayed him. He wonders sometimes if Rezi, too, remembers and regrets. But if Rezi is everything Eric thought, he has long since forgotten. □



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\$13.95
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San Francisco, CA 94126

Send me _____ copies of *Foreskin* at \$13.95 each
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I am over 21 years of age.

HOW MUCH TOO MUCH HAVE YOU BEEN PAYING FOR THE BEST?



SIX-PACK SAMPLER 6/\$15

Why should you spend from five to ten dollars a bottle for these products when you can buy direct from the distributor for less than half? We'll fill your order from THRUST, HARDWARE, RUSH, BULLET, PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER, BOLT or QUICKSILVER. Your satisfaction is guaranteed

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Send me _____ Six-Packs @ \$15 (limit 3) to _____ California residents add 6% sales tax

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Or charge my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

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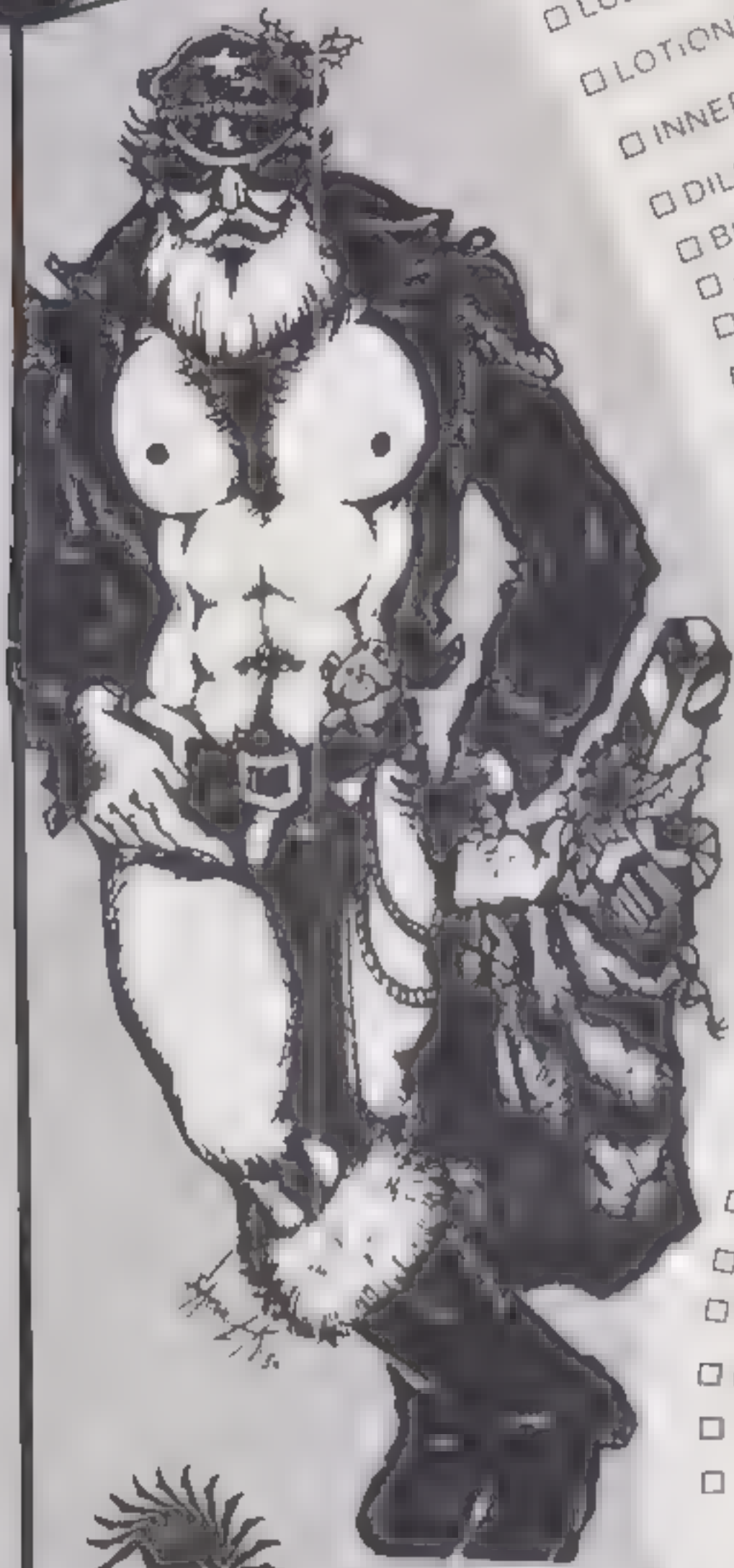
California Residents add 6% Sales Tax



GIFT GUIDE

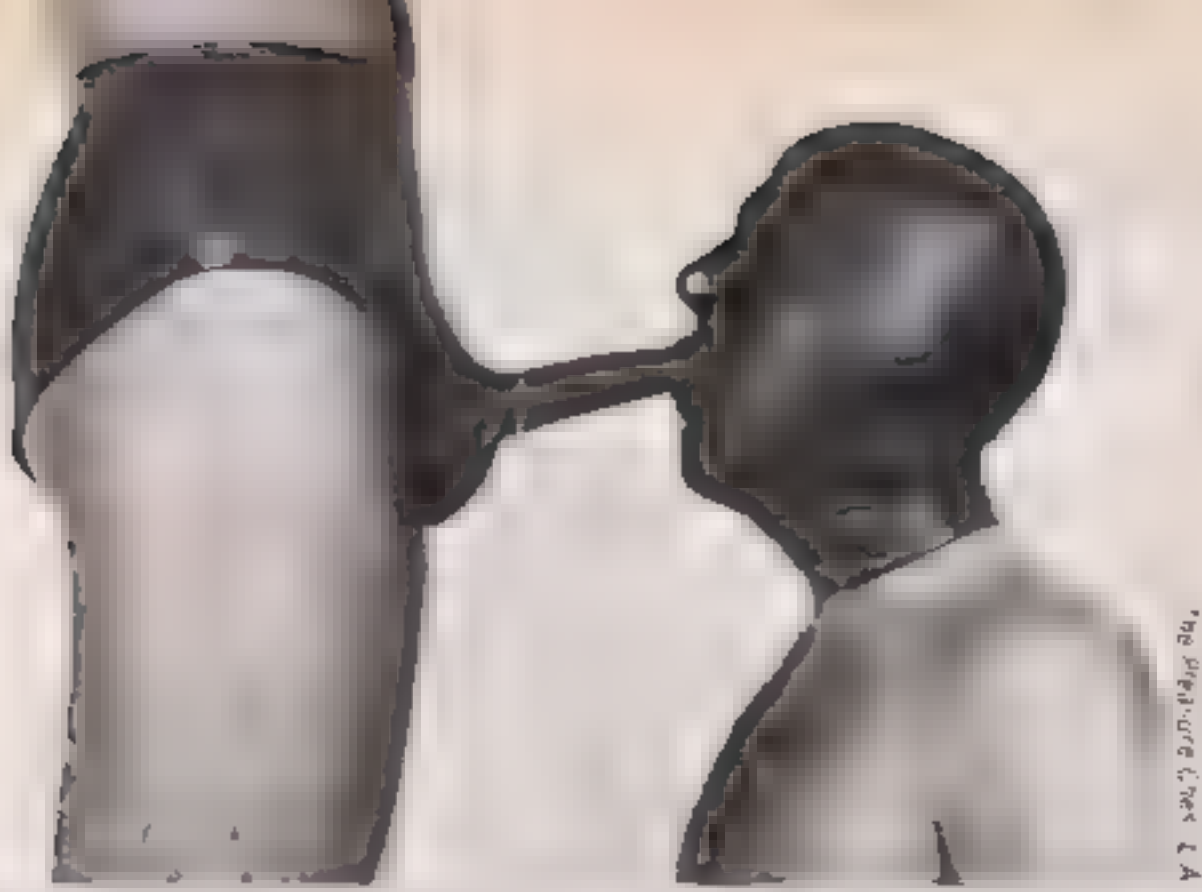
'THE RIGHT STUFF

Santa's Gift List From The Pleasure Chest For Gay Holidays!



The Pleasure Chest Ltd
7733 Santa Monica Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90046
(213) 650-1022

- LUBRICANTS 21 kinds 3 oz. jar \$5.95-\$12.00
- LOTIONS & MASSAGE OILS 17 kinds 8 oz. jar \$5.95-\$12.00
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- DILDOS 8" varieties 2 sizes & shapes \$8.00-\$18.00
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- ANAL IMPLANTERS 1 battery man & electric powered kinds \$3.50-\$95.00
- VIBRATORS 1 battery man & electric powered kinds \$3.50-\$95.00
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DIRECT PLUMBING LATEX SHORTS & HOOD

the pleasure comes L.A.



HAMMERED COPPER BE. T. ARM & BOOT BAND

the pleasure comes L.A.



FETTERS' CHASTITY BELT HIRSUTE GREETING CARDS

Fetters' L. J. Lindor



the pleasure comes L.A.



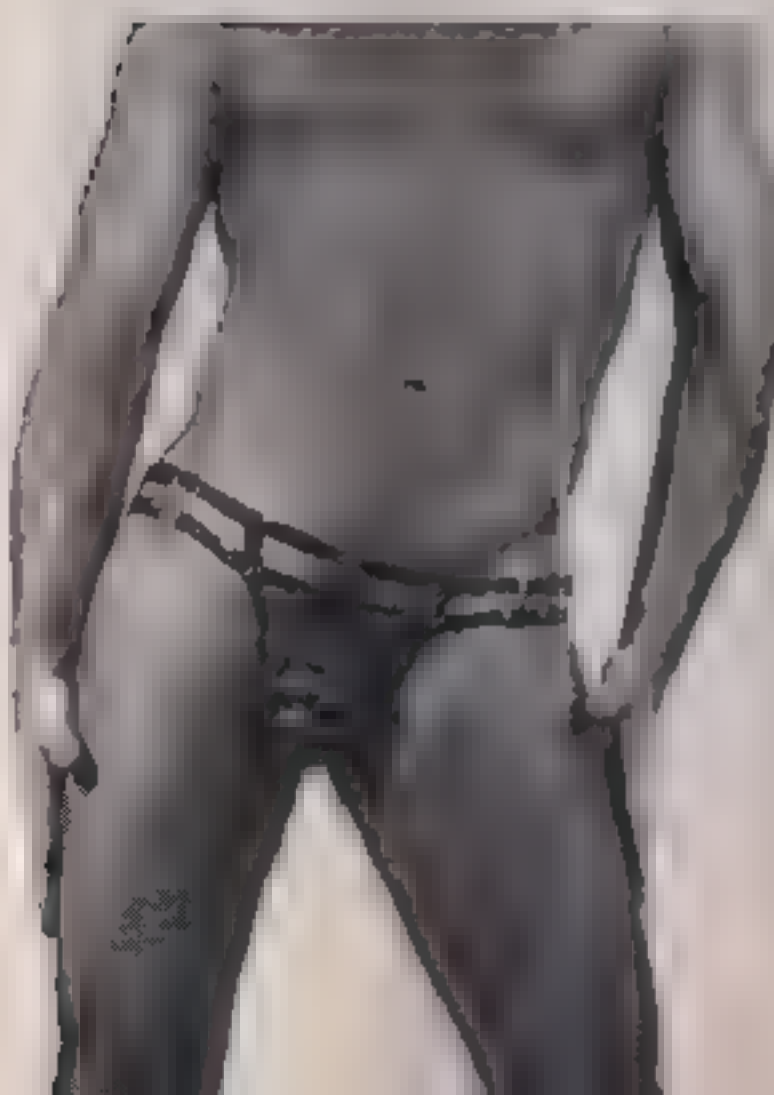
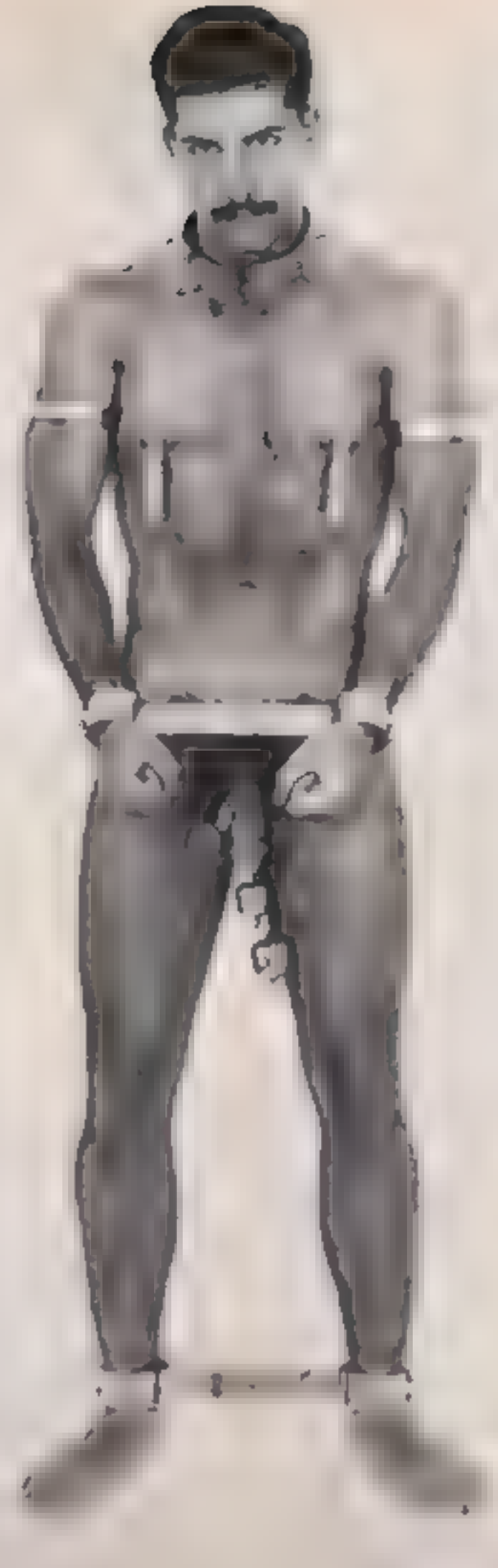
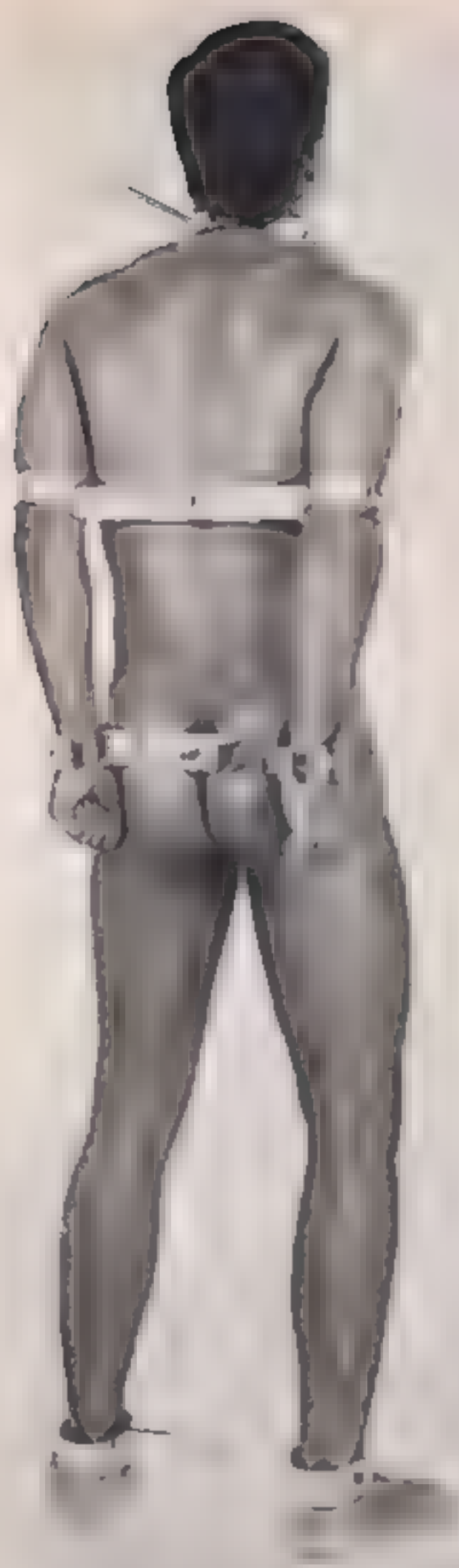
DRUMMAHARR

GIFT GUIDE 'THE RIGHT STUFF'





THE RIGHT ART begins with a classic Tom of Finland portfolio available only from Stallion Sound Hot Art, containing eight famous legends of masculinity (above). Or, the latest Tom greeting card for Christmas from Tom of Finland/Los Angeles (left). Or, the newest in humpy, masculine, hairy men from the Hirsute Club/San Francisco (above and below right)



FUTURESLAVE comes with rigid chrome restraints made to order from The Pleasure Chest L.A., for the elbows, the wrists, and the ankles. Topped with a chrome version of the famous Fetters Wolf collar, this slave has balls weighed down with chrome-plated nickel orbs and sports a chrome ball stretcher. Something softer? Try the hand-constructed leather and chrome studded chastity briefs from Montgomery Leathers—strictly made to order to perfectly fit the lucky slave (etc)



COMPLETE SLING AS SHOWN

Catalog \$3

A Taste of Leather

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ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS HONORED

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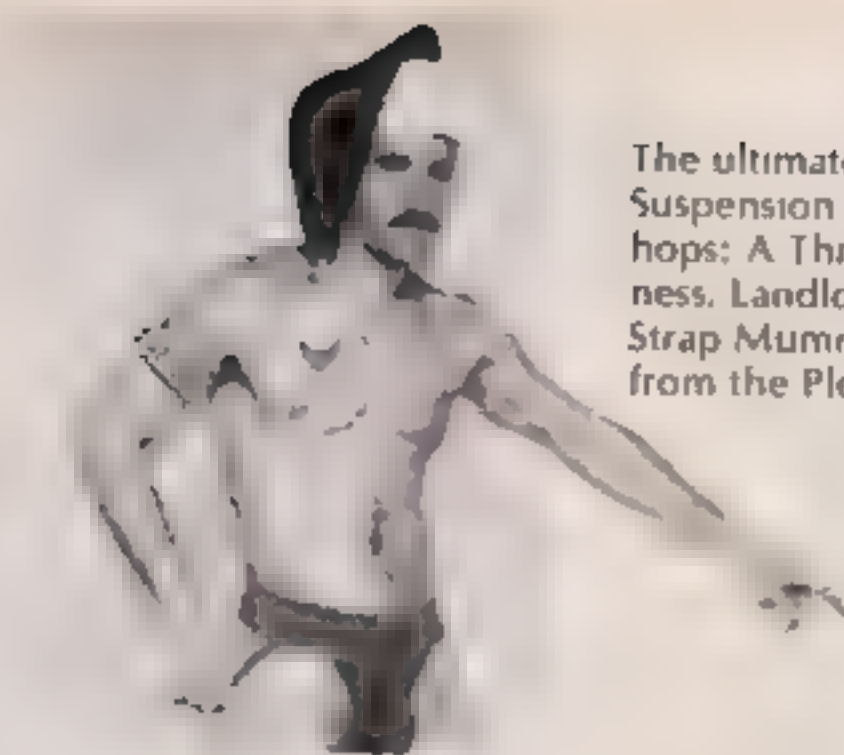
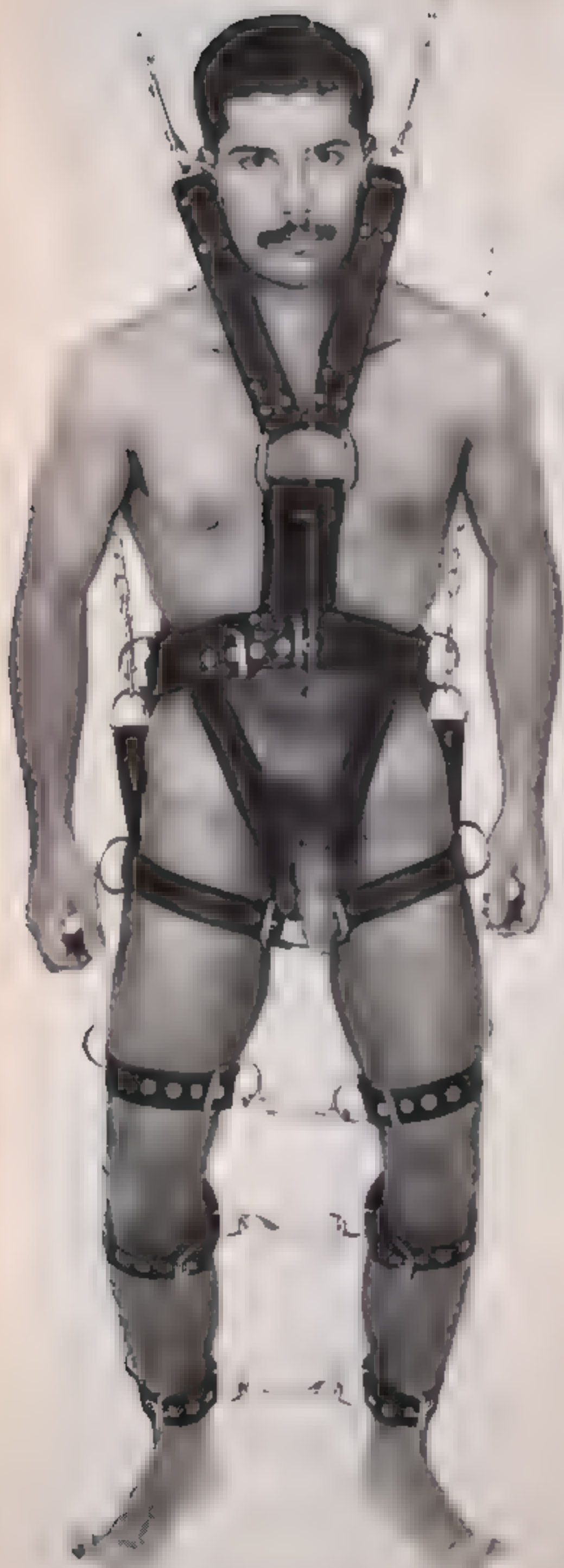


Gauntlet

8720 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, California 90069
Phone (213) 857-6677

ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE \$3.00.

The ultimate flight: A Thirteen-Buckle Suspension Harness (left). For shorter hops: A Three-Piece Suspension Harness. Landlocked? Try a Seventeen Strap Mummy Harness—exclusive items from the Pleasure Chest L.A.





Fetters

ON THE MOVE!

You can see a selection of "FETTERS of London" erotic bondage equipment at:

ESTETIC MEN in Paris
 ROB in Amsterdam
 ALTER EGO in Frankfurt
 THE MOOSE in New York
 THE PLEASURE CHEST in L.A.
 Mr. S. in San Francisco
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 and at
 THE LONDON LEATHERMAN

If you want to see the full range of FETTERS' unique collection:

MAKE A NOTE

Our new USA mail order address is:
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Send \$2 for our illustrated brochure,
 or if you have a copy, send a S.A.E.
 only for our Update Sheet.

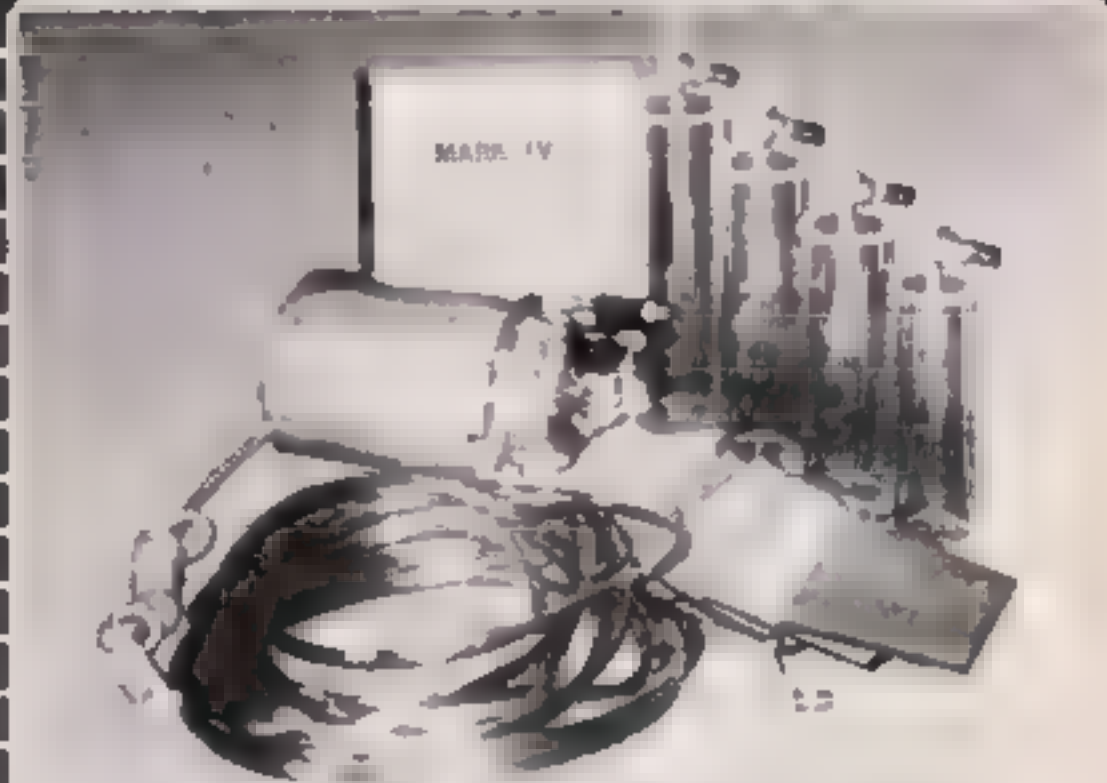


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NEW



FINALLY

A SYSTEM THAT WORKS
 FOR ENLARGING YOUR

COCK • BALLS • NIPPLES

This system has been so successful over the past 3 years that we now have started the **ELECTRIC VACUUM CLUB** so that you can talk with others who are successfully using this system.

DO IT RIGHT

Send for the very detailed 20 page brochure on this incredible

\$51

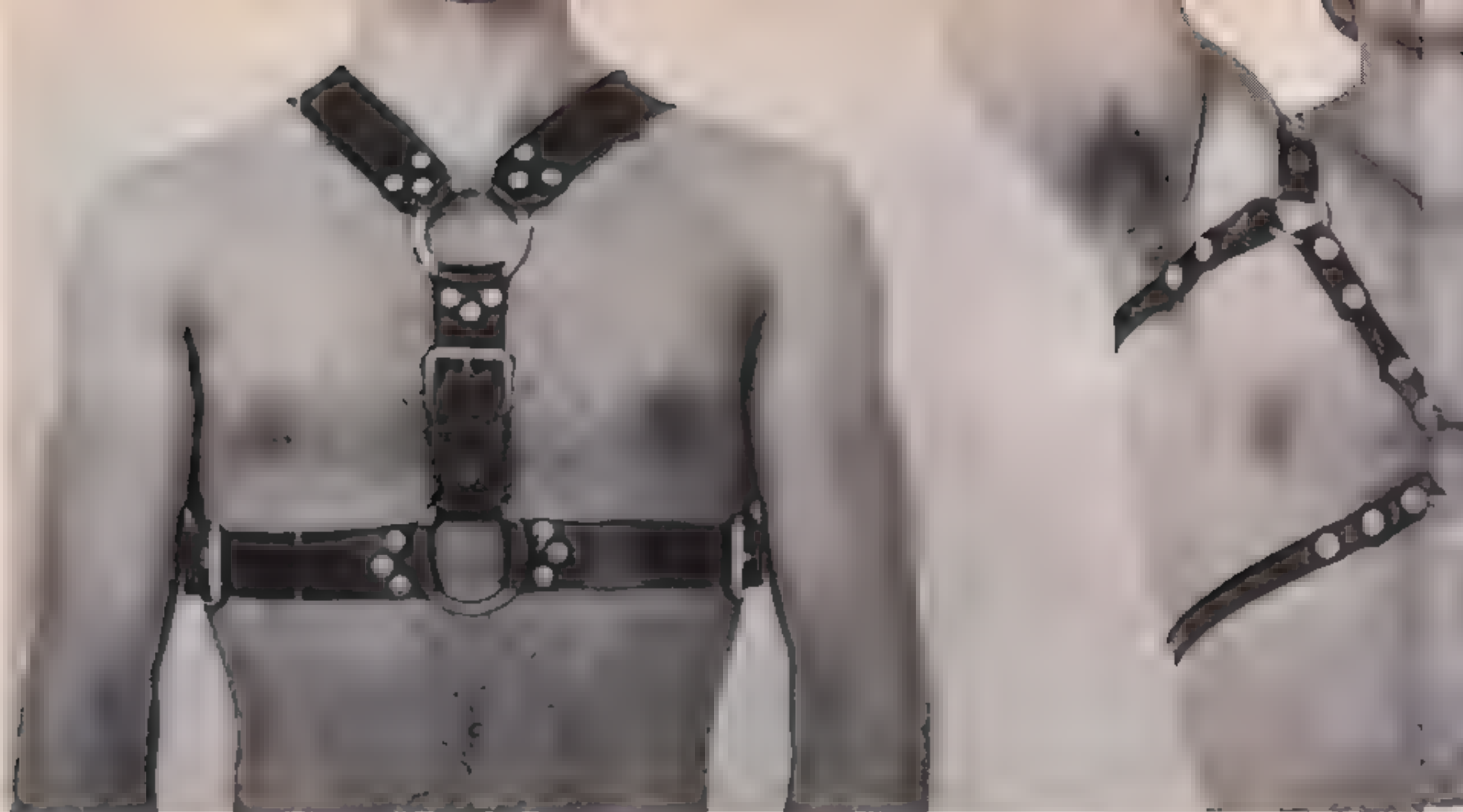
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REFUNDABLE IF MACHINE IS PURCHASED

CREDIT CARD CALLS ONLY

1-800-642-4372



Nothing's too good for the Master, according to The Pleasure Chest L.A.'s new half-body harness collection. Above: Three Buckle Upper Torso Ring Harness. When he holds you to his

heart, he'll leave a real impression on you. The Bicep Caress comes with The Pleasure Chest L.A.'s 5/8" Upper Torso Harness with Five Rings. You'll be

licking leather on the front and back and sides...all night, if you're good!

Slightly more work, buckling The Pleasure Chest L.A.'s Four-Buckle Upper

Slave and Master Video presents four revolutionary all-male tapes depicting the secret rituals of the S/M dungeon.

**These are not simulations made with actors;
THESE TAPES ARE THE REAL THING.**

NEEDLES & PINS The unspeakable pleasures of pain are explored as the willing victim's flesh is pierced repeatedly by pins and needles.
DOWN & DIRTY. Slavemaster Rick conducts an intense training session that required the nude and degraded novice to wallow in filth and to clean his messy boots with his tongue.

THESE TWO TITLES ALSO AVAILABLE
EVERYTHING BUT THE KITCHEN SINK (fisting)
and **HUMAN INFERNO** (hot wax)

All tapes in color and sound, approximately 60 minutes each. Rated X, for mature adults only.
Price: \$85 per tape plus \$3 shipping per order.

To order: Send a money order, cashier's check, or VISA or MasterCard number (with expiration date) for the price of the film(s) plus \$3 shipping, with your name and address, a statement that you are over 21, and whether you want VHS or Beta format to

SLAVE & MASTER VIDEO
1349 N. Wells; Chicago, IL 60610

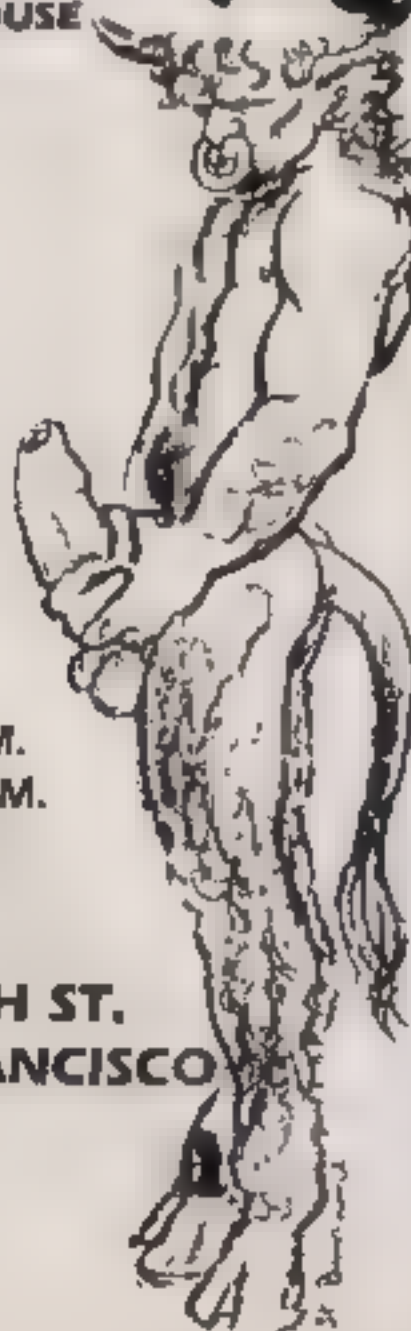


Torso Harness, a slight variation on their Three-Buckle version. The impression on this one will make on you is slightly different, but an impression nonetheless!



ANIMALS

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UNTIL 10 A.M.

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THE DIXIE CLUB!
HOTTEST VIDEO AND PHOTOS!
AND PHONE SERVICE!

PUT SOME SIZZLE INTO YOUR LIFE!
CELEBRATE WITH US OUR
5TH ANNIVERSARY!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY FOR

1. Special Anniversary Package! Discover the exciting Stars of Dixie. Special offer: New "Sizzle" Newsletter, full of details of the Dixie Club, unique in all the world, plus sample photos, and the Anniversary Poster of Doug (IT SIZZLES!!), all for just \$5
2. The Above Special Anniversary Package... PLUS! The Dixie Album of Stars... 30 fantastic color photos, \$17.
3. The Package, plus the Album... and the Get-Acquainted Membership... includes Gold Card Club discounts, and a free gift for your membership. \$28.
4. New Dixie Star Doug in a Sizzling Photo Set... Five jumbo prints just \$8
5. The Dixie Video Library! The hottest cassettes now for you to enjoy in the privacy of your own home for just pennies a day! The premium tape club in America! Only Dixie really reviews the films and provides you with a Deluxe Library binder... Full information package just \$1 OR Full Lifetime Membership \$55, includes the fabulous new "Best Sequences Ever Filmed, Part I" tape not available anywhere else FREE if you join now! Select: VHS Beta

All models are 18 years old or older. Proof on file. You may wish to check the Dixie ad under Models/Masseurs, Florida.
Now offering Man-to-man phone service! (305) 781-7798

TO **THE DIXIE CLUB** PO Box 8616, Madeira Beach FL 33738

I enclose \$_____ or charge ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA ☐ AMEX

CC# _____

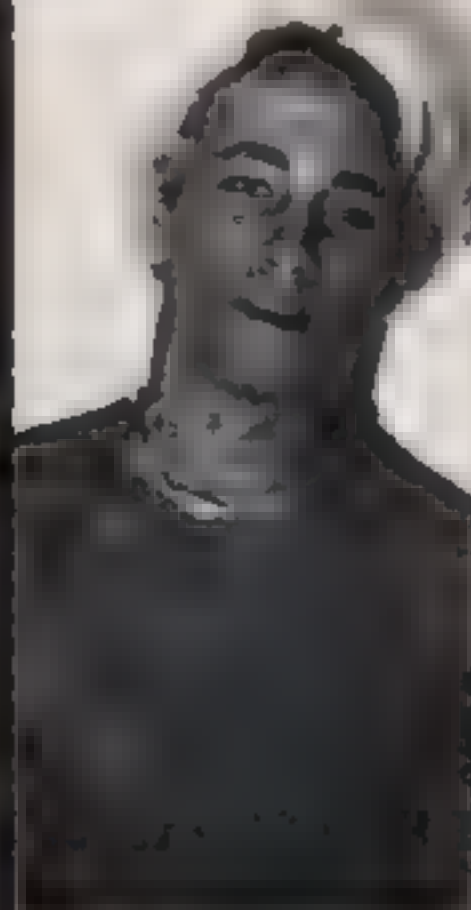
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Name _____

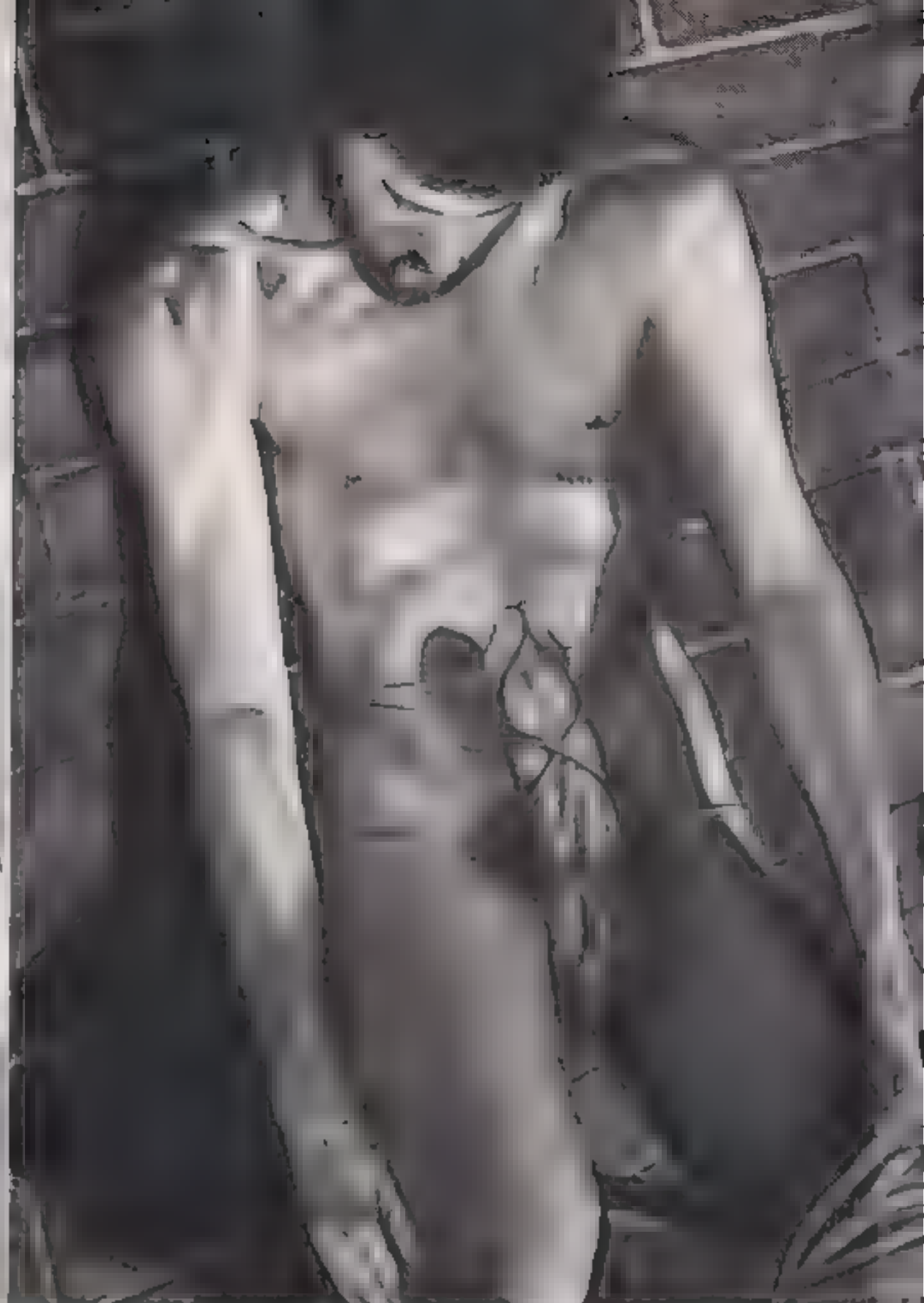
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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I am Over 18 years of age ☐ 17816 LEE ST



DOUG — Dixie's Hot New
Blond Star for our
5th Anniversary!



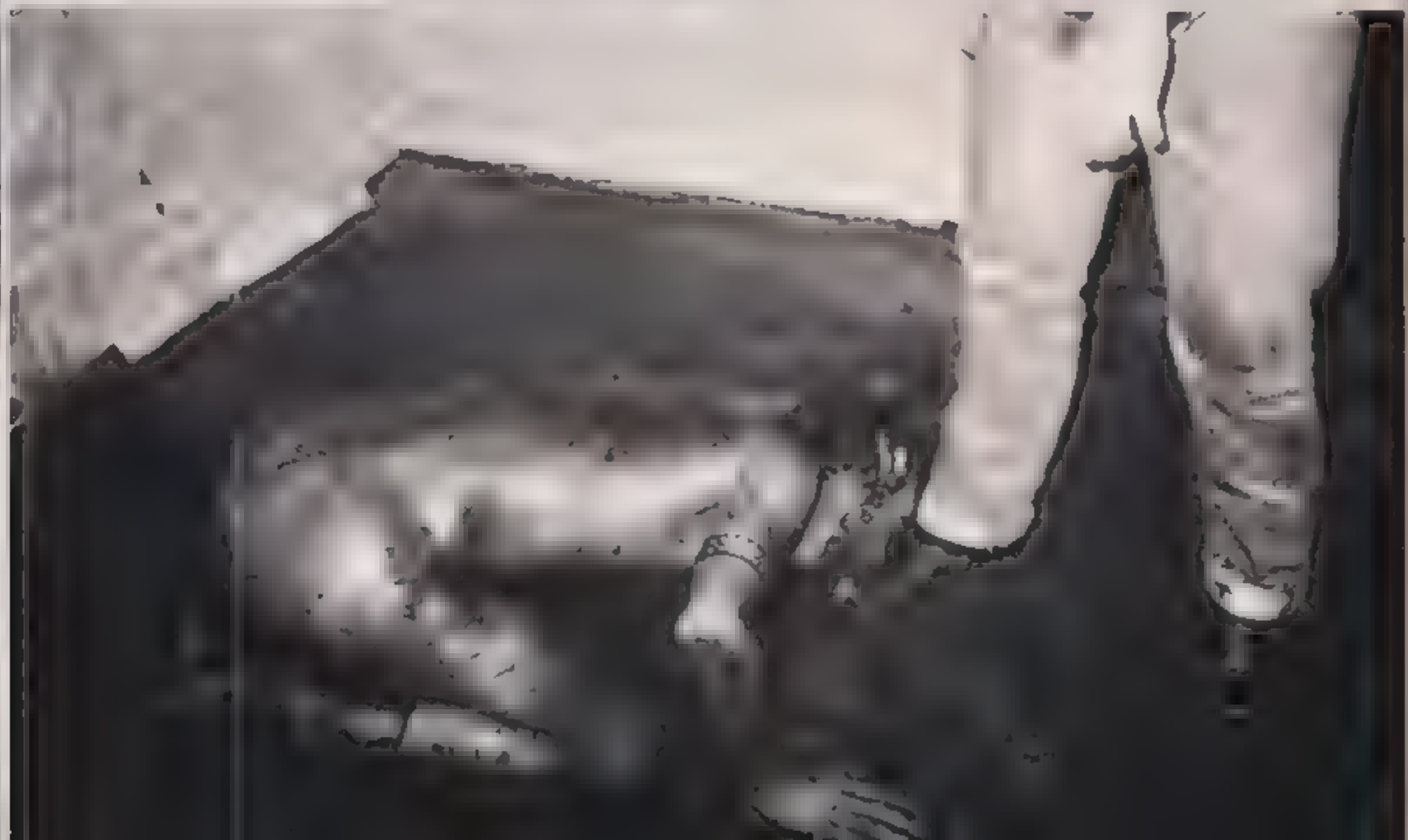
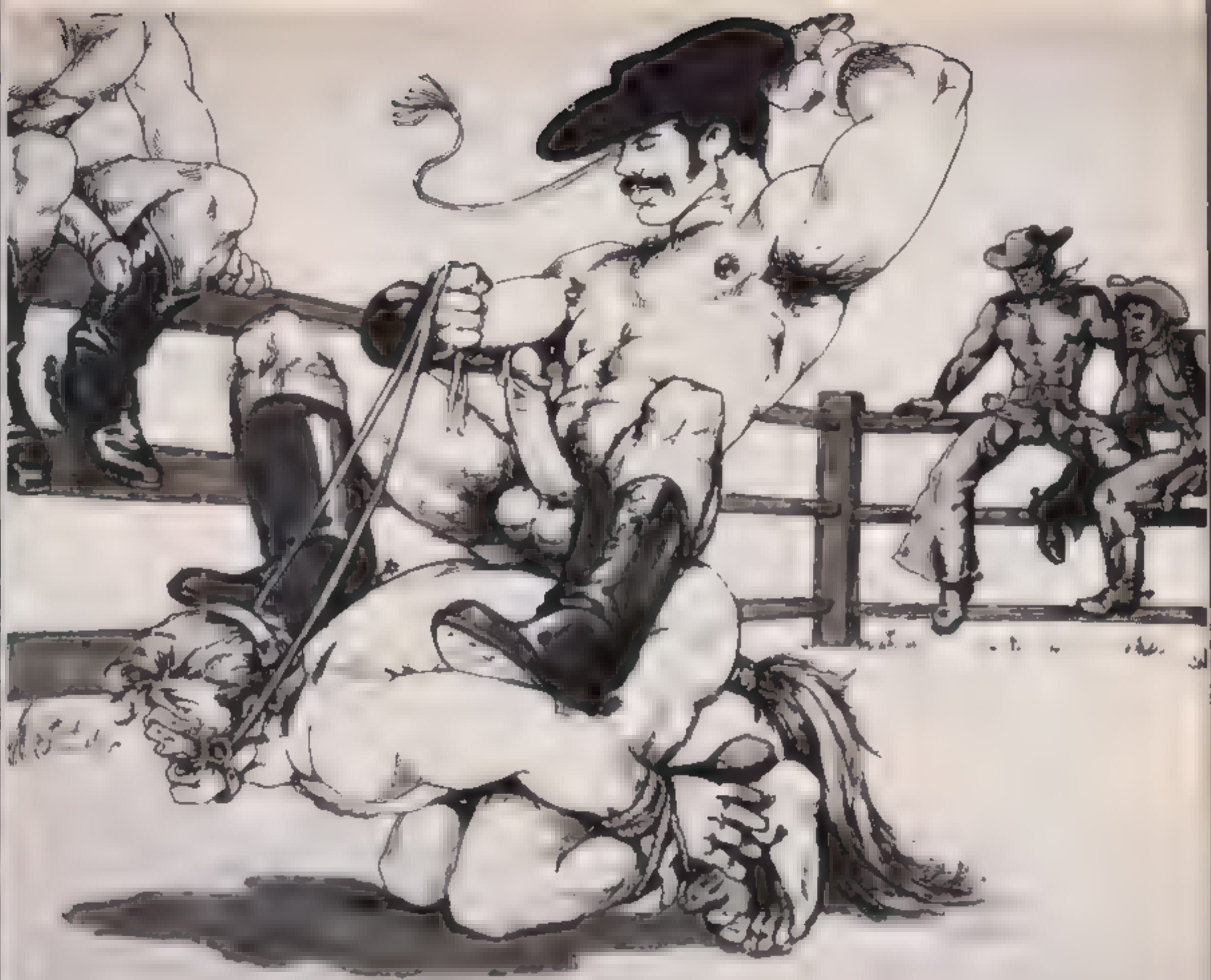
GIVE HIM A SLAVE

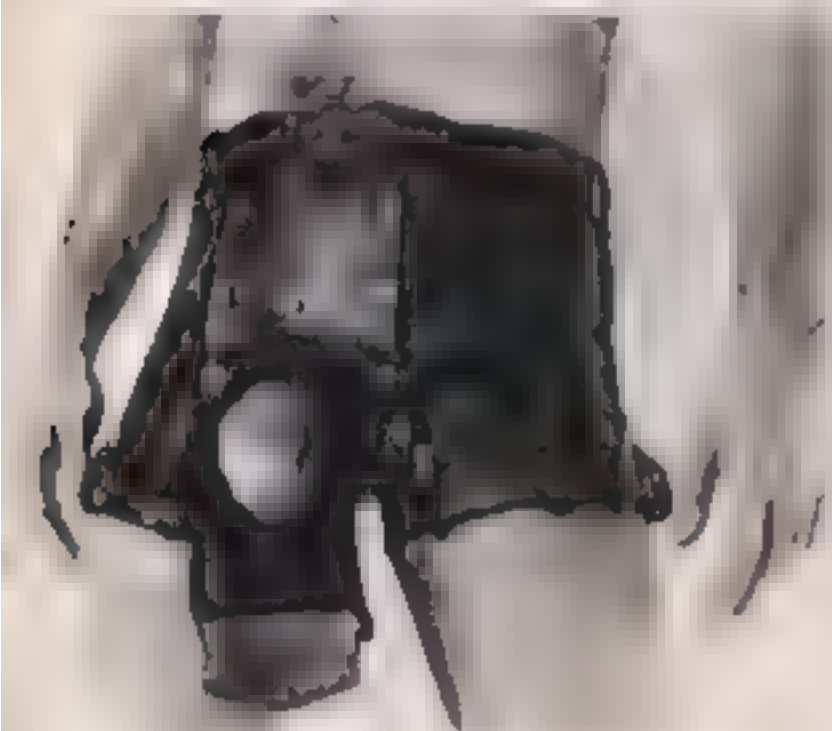
MASTERS & SLAVES make perfect gifts. Try something in a slave photo set from The Dixie Club (above), or make reservations for a first edition of Olaf's explosive new illustrated novel (center), or something in the form of a classic drawing set from Etienne via Stallion Sound's Hot Art division (right), or perhaps one of SM Video's extraordinary and authentic independent video productions (*Down and Dirty* is illustrated bottom right), or just a note of perfect submission from The Leather Fraternity's hot new greeting card line (bottom center)



DRUMMER 56







CHASTITY IS IT'S OWN REWARD



MAXIMUM SECURITY is guaranteed to the holder of the keys of this unique chastity device from Fetters of London. Locks at the thigh and waist, and the removable cock pouch insures he'll do nothing without your permission. Made to order, and worth the effort above and below!





THE HARD JOCK is reinforced leather and not entirely comfortable for the bad slave who needs to be punished for playing with himself without permission. Back locking connection

(below) insures that he won't get out THE ZIPPER JOCK (right) is a little softer, but just as restrictive. Zips on the sides of the pouch lock with a top tab to keep his hands off his balls until he's

earned the right to play with 'em. All three items created by Fetters, the people who know more about chastity devices than anyone else



Once again The Tit Torture Catalog is pleased to prove that "Nobody Does It Better" (or in as many ways!) Therefore, we present

The New "BLACK SABBATH" series of evil, perfectly engineered, and exotic adjustable Tit Clamps

Daddy's Black Boy	\$ 7.95
Black Jack	\$ 7.95
Black Stallion	\$ 7.95
Black Master	\$13.95

(Add \$1.50 for postage and handling)

All items in this series sport a luxurious, jet black, lacquered finish. The first three items come with removable Black vinyl Tips, and for rougher tits, all are available without the adjusting feature at a lower price.

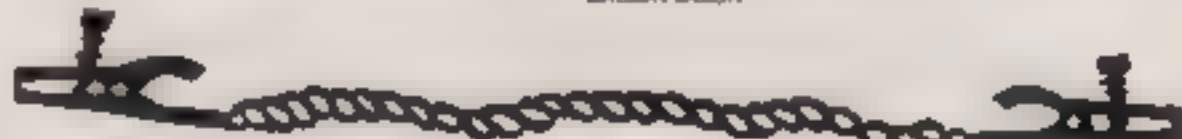
R. Phillips 132 W. 24th St., New York, N.Y., 10011 U.S.A.



Daddy's Black Boy



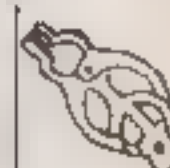
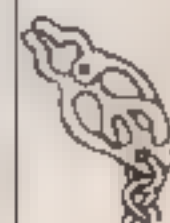
Black Jack



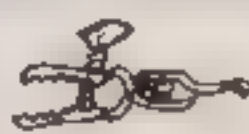
Black Stallion



Black Master



Send \$2.00 for our new, expanded catalog with details on all items shown in this ad (and more!)



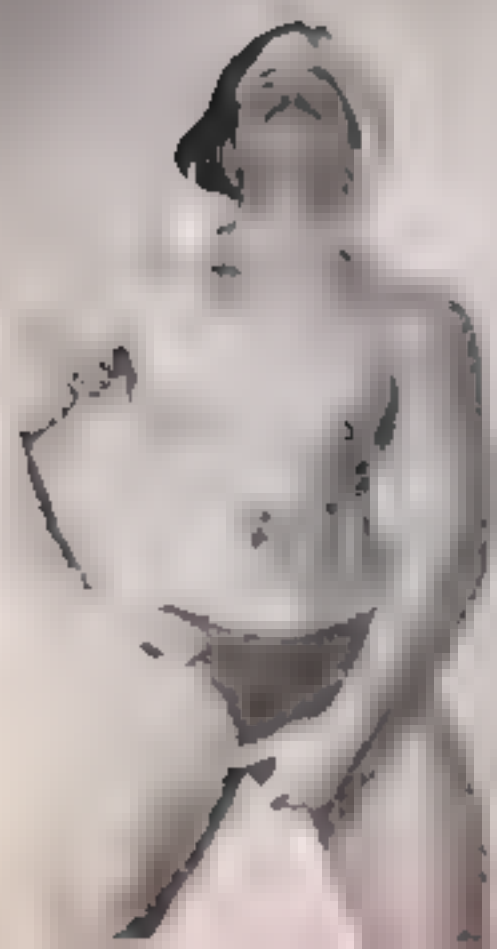
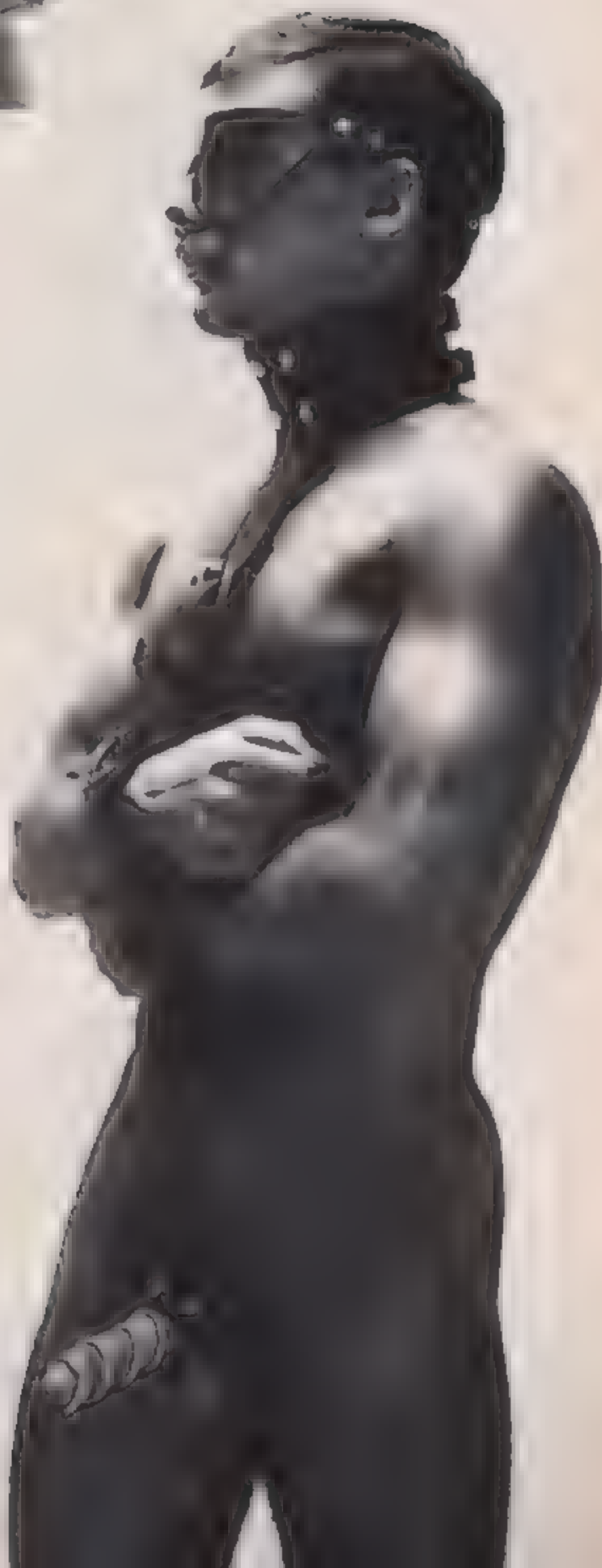
DRUMMER GIFTS

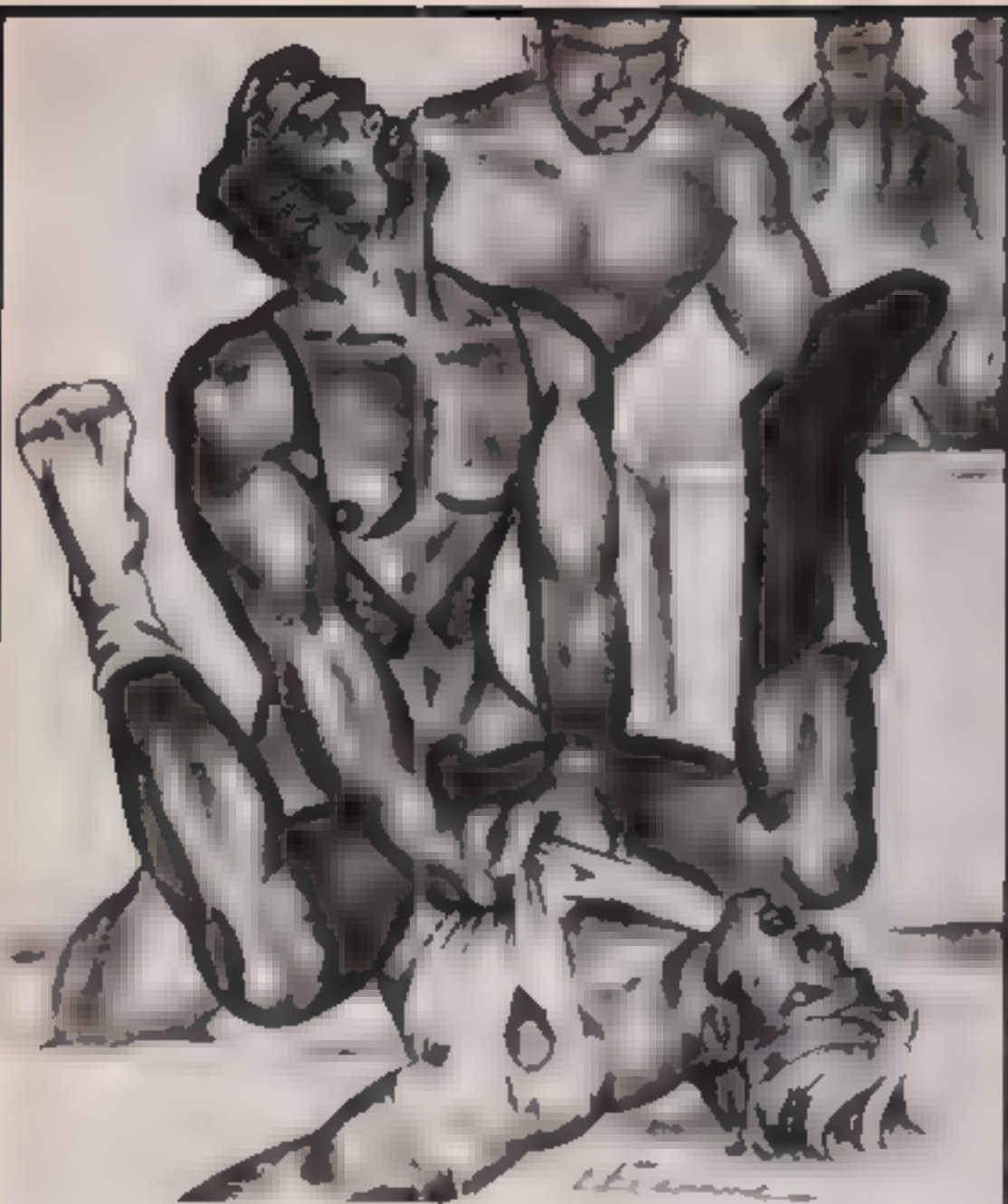
From the Pleasure Chest L.A. comes the latest in Latex bondage Restraint Collar and Cuffs that are reversible (meaning you can use them to secure the wrists behind the back or to the

chest, as illustrated on page 61). Add a latex blindfold and a standard-issue Seven Gates of Hell cock and ball device and you have a package ready for heavy-duty discipline



More elaborate restraint comes from the Pleasure Chest L.A.'s all-leather straight-jacket (middle), modeled after the authentic item, then outfitted with exciting extras.





INITIATION Dildos, shaving and fisting as a group of bikers initiate a humpy blond. Six 8x10" black and white glossy photographic reproductions and hot action narrative
Price: \$10.00

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STATION SOUND

presents

**SIZZLING HOT FANTASIES TO
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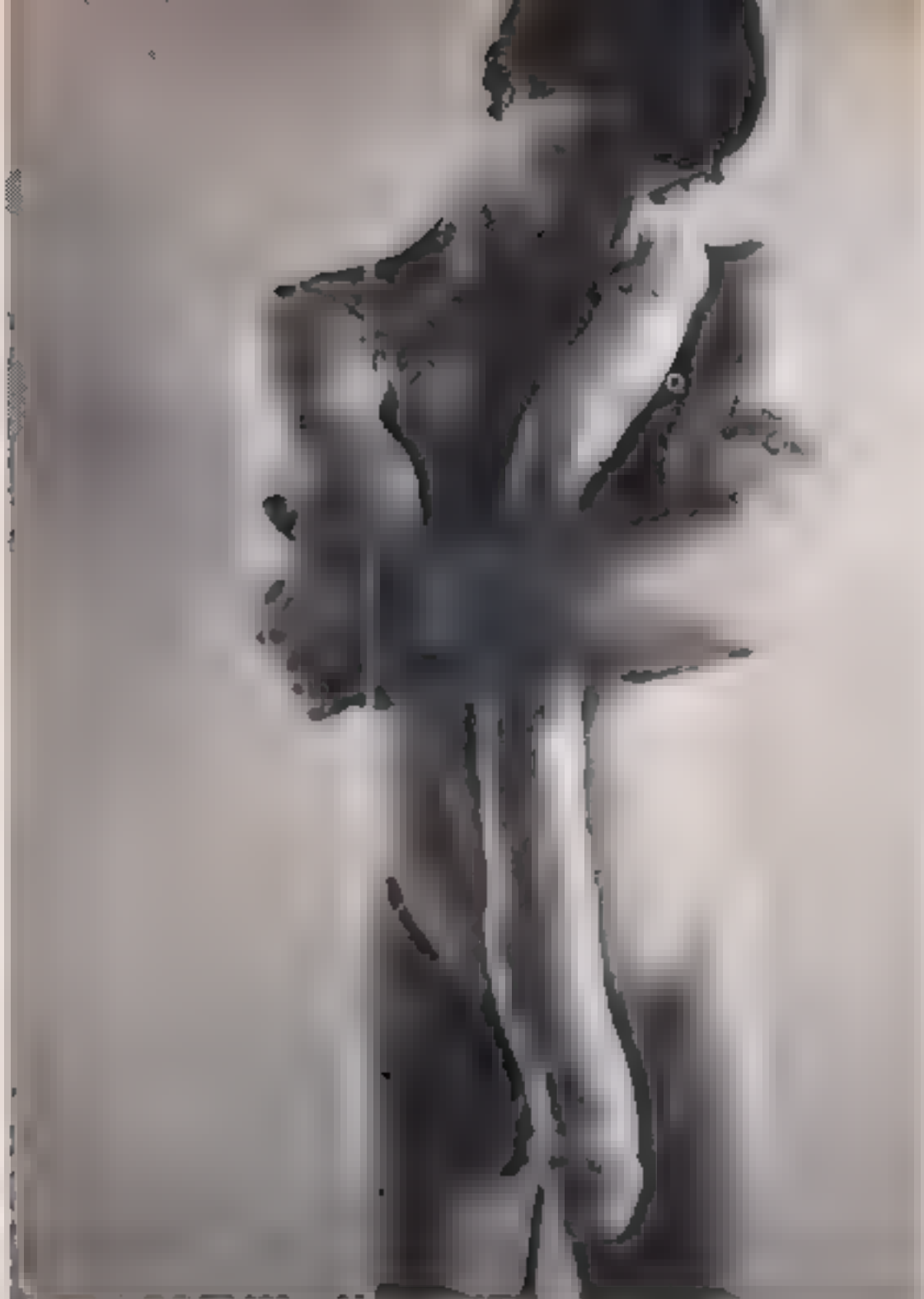
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The Studstore suggests your very own barber's chair, and they'll ship it to you anywhere. Male Hide Leathers of Chicago (below) always has a wealth of leather and stud ideas on hand





The ultimate stay-at-home-toy, from Mercury Distributing, a sturdy, soft-but-solid flesh-colored reminder of daddy's equipment



From The Leatherworks of Portland: leather stocking, studded jocks, bar vests and teddy bears, just the things a good boy deserves for Christmas

THE LEATHER CELL

Chicago's Leather Toy Store

by

MALE HIDE



66 WEST ILLINOIS STREET
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60610

BLACK LEATHER CAPS

BIKER STYLE—K1

Baseball Style—K2



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Imported black leather walking shorts with a two way zipper from The Pleasure Chest. A Comes by waist size and hole size

G20

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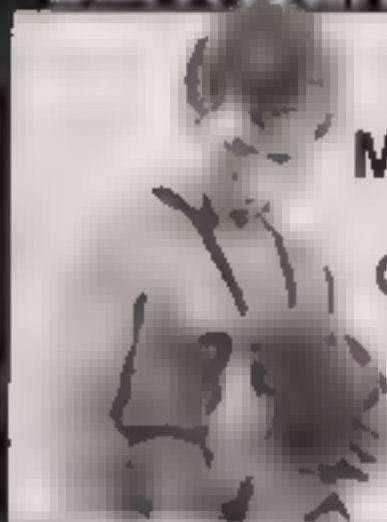
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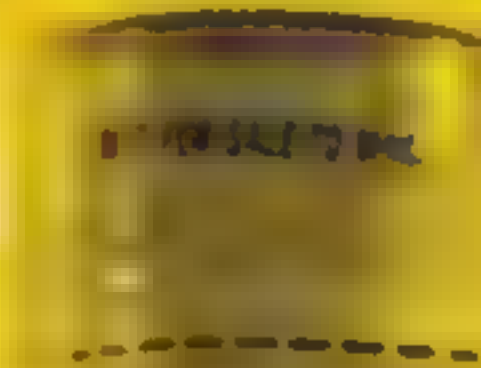
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ONE STANDS OUT!

THE QUALITY, THE PURITY, THE POWER ARE OBVIOUS FROM THE MOMENT YOU OPEN THE BOTTLE!

THE QUALITY, THE PURITY, THE POWER ARE OBVIOUS FROM THE MOMENT YOU OPEN THE BOTTLE!

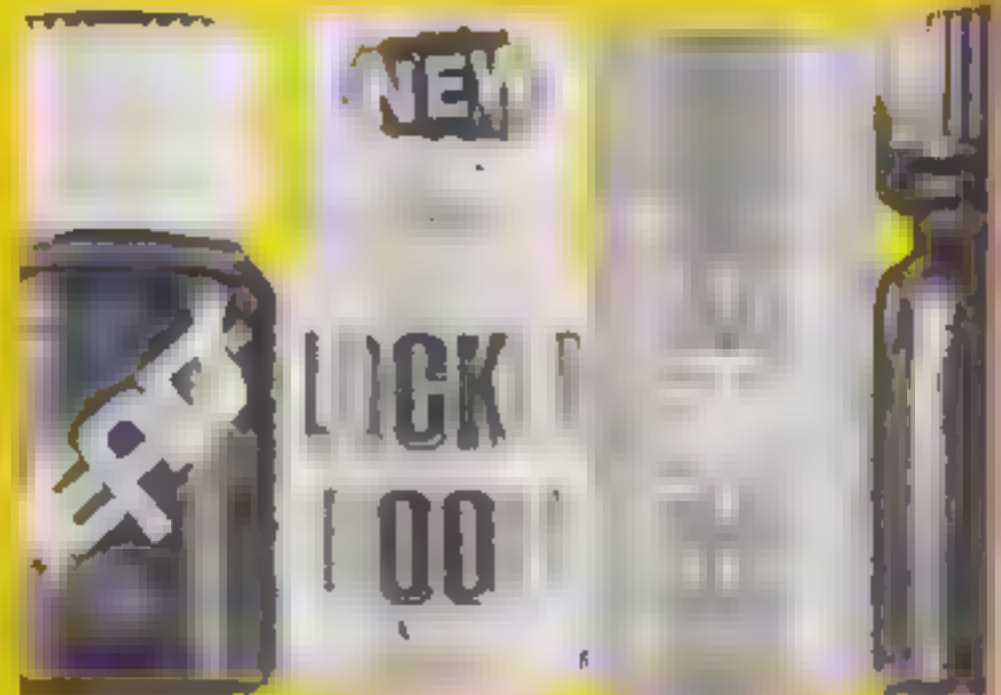
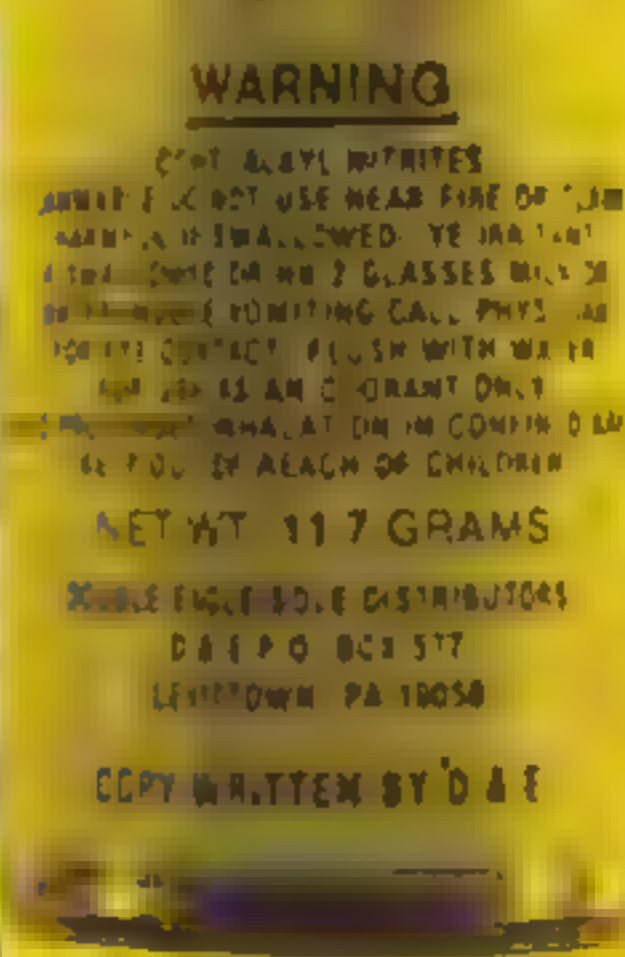


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THERE ARE A LOT OF FINE PRODUCTS OUT THERE TO CHOOSE FROM. PERHAPS YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN A BOTTLE OF DOUBLE EAGLE HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO



CHANGE ALL THAT, TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE DOUBLE EAGLE WILL BE YOUR BRAND FROM NOW ON WORTH THE FEW CENTS MORE!



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DRUMBEATS

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/16

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/S /and /a /t /e /the

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Seeks serious master I'm strong
enough and man enough to give up con-
trol of my /and /a /t /e /the
/S /and /a /t /e /the
/a /t /e /the /a /t /e /the
/S /and /a /t /e /the
/a /t /e /the /a /t /e /the
/S /and /a /t /e /the

HAIRCUTTING SHAVING

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IF HE'S NOT HERE HE'S NOT AVAILABLE!

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ALABAMA

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

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Southern Men and visitors to the south
into being men and playing
belles at the local bars. If you're fat or
fem or don't qualify as a real man, don't
your shit together with a hot photo
self Box 3754

ALASKA

HOT BOTTOM

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ARIZONA

SLAVE SON

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ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVE

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boss. Am experienced respectful of
tim is. imaginative You should include
your phone number and times you are
available Box 3088

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

DIRTY WHITE BOY

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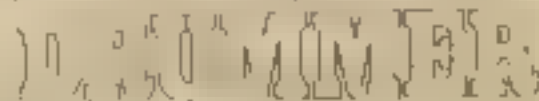
SAN FRANCISCO RUSSIAN RIVER

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EXTRA HUNG

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Answering a Drumbeat ad is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast. So observe them or else. Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number in pencil. You can write the box number on the back flap of the envelope. Put your return address on the envelope if you want the letter returned should there be some problem with delivery. Put proper postage on the envelope. Include 25c for each letter you want forwarded. Put the whole thing (sealed letter and fee) in another envelope addressed to Drummer. Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed.



964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local
state and federal laws. No advertising accepted from persons
under 21 years of age. Alternate Publishing will not knowingly
accept fraudulent, obscene, offensive or questionable advertising.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

I declare that I am over 21 years of age and that the data in my ad is true and
correct. I understand that no proofs of ad will be supplied to me for approval
and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or
technical failure. I understand that Alternate Publishing is in no way responsi-
ble for any transactions between myself and any person (except through
their publications).

Signature _____

AD COPY Please Print Legibly

My ad is _____ words @ ☐ 35c DRUMMER ☐ 50c both DRUMMER
& MANIFEST I am enclosing \$ _____ Now, get busy!

insatiable appetite. And if you're a young, super-hung horny dude, into fucking a hot ass with that meat of yours, plus any other raunchy action (except FF) write w/ photo. I'm for real, man. J.M., P.O. Box 99688, San Francisco, CA 94109

HOT & F COUPLE

Seeking buddies (1 or more) for mutual enjoyment in expanding our experience in fucking, light S&M, B&D, WS, toys, dildoes, polaroids, playrooms & fantasy scenes. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Reply with photo to Box 3797

SOME PEOPLE SAY

That I am a devil. I think I am an angel of my kind. Write me telling me how kinky you can get and let's get together to have fun. Later on we'll get into more serious things, of course. Hurry up! There are too many things around the corner for us to pick up. Me. WM 44, 5'11", 175. You: I hope you have a good mind. Box 3441

UNIFORMS

Dutch/German-American, 32, 6'2", 170 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair, hot. Looking for men interested in police & military uniforms esp. German, jockstraps & tall polished boots. Respond only if you are hot looking & sexy & willing to submit to & worship a true Aryan-Nordic type. Picture is a must. RS7 Apt #2 43' 29th St. S.F. CA 94131

THREEWAYS

Two horny leathermen seek third for hot threeway action. Jake, exclusive top w/ big dick. Dan, very versatile & a good bottom. Reply w/ photo to Jake & Dan, 584 Castro #245, S.F. CA 94114

TALL MELLOW TOP

Wants an easy going, independent Buddy with a healthy hairless body and a hot fuckable ass. Photo, letter and phone to Box 3767

BLOND COCKSUCKER

Bodybuilder has spit and suction for men with good muscles and healthy minds. No dick too long. No muscles too sweaty. Box 1536

MASTER WANTED

I am a 52 year old slave, am in excellent physical condition 5'5", 185# full head of hair. I have the headspace to serve a Master between the ages of 21 and 32 who is dominant and knows what he wants. I am looking for a permanent relationship of serving and servicing a Master. Am interested in movies, theater, reading, sports and a variety of other interests. I realize a relationship cannot be built in a black room, but I am open to the interests and needs of the right Master. Limits are set by a caring and responsible Master. If you are interested, please Sir contact me. Box 3757

S & M ART GALLERY

Experienced art dealer is considering possibility of opening a Leather-S&M-Macho-Fetish art gallery. Interested painters, sculptors, photographers, models, etc. submit photos of work, suggestions, and feedback to Box 3772

2 GM STUDS & HOT JADS

2 9's M2 most scenes. No hvy S&M/scat. Moustache. LL, VA, B&O TOYS R A+ S Bay area. We R hot—U better B 2! Box 3484

W/M 40 WITH BEARD

Looking for partners in mutual action for any scene particularly interested in C/B Y/T, FF. Attitude and willingness to experiment more important than looks. Box 3106

FACESITTERS/MASTERS

German urinal-pig 31/6'1"/190 lbs. wants to make his fantasies real with a real S.F. TOP. I'm willing to spend a whole week of my life, day and night

SIR. Also available for Private-Clubs and I'm willing to work for my Master SIR. Please send me the date. I will come to S.F., SIR. Don't forget overseas airmail postage. Box 3461

SHORT HANDSOME BODYBUILDER

San Francisco native, discreet-even intelligent, experienced in S&M. Expert at balancing pleasure with pain. Safe (non-damaging) genital torture, restraints, mechanical and electrical stimulation to deliberately stretch your limits. I don't just assume a dominant role—I am sadistic, dominant, and no amateur. Roger (415) 864-5566

LEAN, WELL-DEFINED SLAVE

Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy S&M, bondage, face-sitting, raunch, tit cock & ball torture, piercing. But your trip, your way. Traveled. Am 41 5'11 150# Versatile. Send photo, phone, letter to P.O. Box 5906 S.F. CA 94101

ROPES

Hot, horny, well put-together Libran 35 5'8" 135 lbs. 8' cut, has a lot of rope and a lot of time to explore bondage trips with equally intense, like-minded MEN. Tune in to some real trips w/ a goodlooking bottom/top. Photo brings photo. Tightropes, 795 Buena Vista West #4, San Francisco, CA 94117

FLEXING AND SHOWING

Off your muscles in bondage while another body builder teases and sensually torments you until you come, again and again. From mild to heavy. Your limits respected. Coll types preferred. Write to P.O. Box 5401 Oakland, CA 94605

PATRON FRIEND SOUGHT

Gay male writer looking for assistance by altruistic type. Worrying about money and writing do not mix between you and I, the romantic notion of the

struggling writer is a nice illusion but is not fun to live. If you can help and think that you might want to, please let me know. Discretion is important. I am friendly, considerate, talented, sincere, discreet. Steve, P.O. Box 22036, San Francisco CA 94122

HOT COCK

I'm 32, 150# 5'10" hirsute, muscular w/br hair, must & beard, tit-ring & talon: usually top but welcome other tops one-to-one or? Experienced in all scenes esp. VA, TT, Humiliation, FF (top) cigars, and leather. You are together GWM 22 to 40, flexible and willing to expt. w both new & old scenes for max pleasure. No blood or IV drugs. Your photo gets mine. Barry Byford 495 Ellis #2892 SF CA 94102

SEXUAL ABUSIVE MASTER W/ SLAVE—DOG

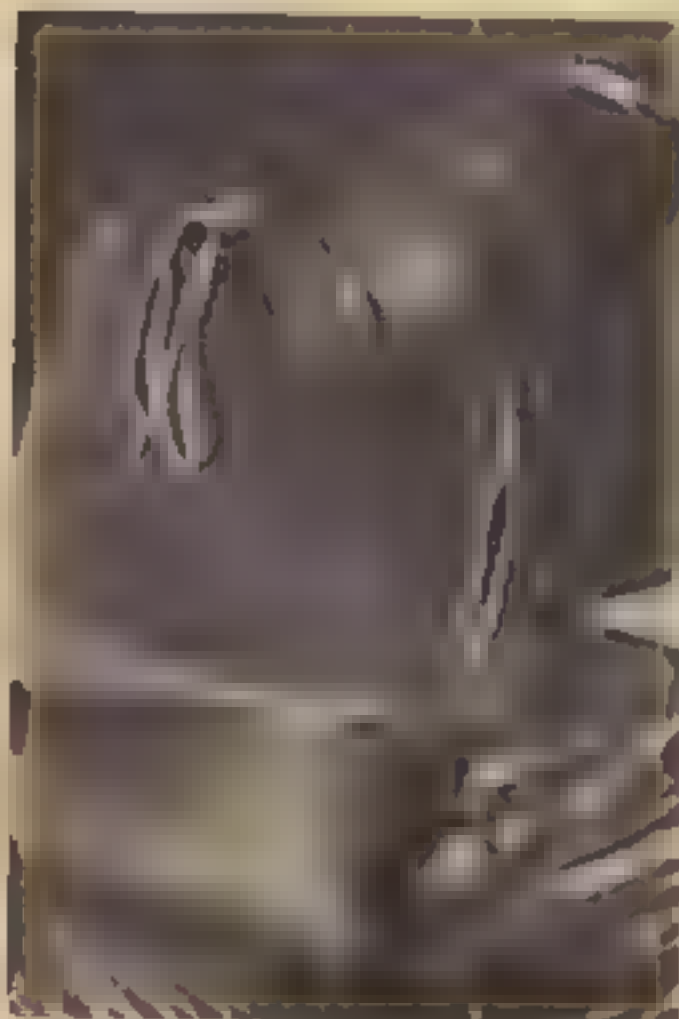
Wants 3rd and/or 4th. I am a (G.L.) masculine Master (37). I own a Butch Sicilian son/slave-dog (35). Though he is still in training, I have taken control over his mind instilling in him a great desire & need to serve, respect, obey & worship his Master's commands: leather boots, man-crotch & man-ass. He now works at proving he has two hungry holes that are total pussy. I am looking for another master buddy who owns a boy so we may together expand on the powerful mental dominance, degradation, verbal humiliation, bondage & sexual abuse of my/our slave pussy. Other Masters invited—other slaves submit respectful letter. Only serious replies w/ photo w/ I merit this experience. Box 3615

SOUTH BAY AREA

White male 27 6' 165 needs fantasies turned into realities. I need a leather bondage Master who will take control and guide me through moderate to heavy B/D V/A, boots, gloves, police

NEW SPANDEX FROM JOHN FLOYD

EROTIC SPANDEX FOR YOUR BONDAGE WARDROBE



COMBINATION

\$100

THE LOVESKIN - The Loveskin is one piece of material that snugly sheathes the head, arms, and upper body torso giving you a tight, tingling, sensual bondage feeling. Rings at the end of each arm add a new dimension to your bondage thrills. Price is \$50 postpaid



LOVEBAG WITH HOOD

\$65

THE LOVEBAG W/LOVE HOOD

Versatile to fit your imagination, this item covers the entire torso from the neck to the tip of the toes. Metal rings on each item allows binding them all together for some fantastic bondage fun. Price is \$65 postpaid—cash, check, or money order



COMBINATION

\$50

PURCHASE BOTH THE LOVEBAG W/LOVE HOOD AND LOVESKIN AND SAVE. COMBINATION PRICE \$100 POSTPAID. 2 WAY STRETCH SHINNY SPANDEX SPECIFY COLOR: BLACK, RED, PURPLE, TURQUOISE, OR WHITE.

JOHN FLOYD PRODUCTIONS • BOX 5296 NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 91616-5296

uniforms, hoods and light to moderate S.M. Serious training needed if possible, send photo. Box 3711

I'M LOOKING

For a long term relationship with a macho muscular slave into discipline—kink—chans. 5'9" 175, 45 Phone (415)944-9984

WANTED TOTAL SLAVE

By 45 year old Master. Absolutely no limits honored. Must include photo & phone. Novices considered. Must relocate to Marin Co. CA. Box 2042

33, WHITE MALE, 180

Seeks fe as dog with leathered master owner into heavy B&D punishment. Sk to be collared, caged, mind controlled, kenneled, used, tagged & kept as dog for life. Never again treated as human. Perm only. Must be able to handle animal safely & sanely. No games. "kai" c/o 540 — O'Farrell 306. S.F. CA 94102 (415)775-9120 Relocatable

MASTER SEEKS

Slave for military training POW S&M B&D FF WS pic & ph. no Boxholder S. 786 San Jose CA 95151

BONDAGE PARTNER NEEDED

For regular playtime—experienced top preferred—Bob Smith 71 Pear Street SF 94103

HOT RAUNCHY PLAYELL

W/M 31 5'8" 130 goodlooking & trim, pierced lils, hairy chest, moustache and stubble beard, works out. Seeking hot raunchy sessions with guys 18-40 into fucking, sucking, fisting, p/s J/O split, amp is. Crisco hot wax tit play, arnyl, tan drugs, toys, greasy, jock straps, wet briels, tight faded Levi 501's, ass play, torn underwear, leather, sweat fantasies. Pralor bottom, but top/tradeoff also. Rough scenes or playful good times. Man-to-man 3-ways or groups. Write w/ photo if possible. BOX 450 220 NINTH ST. S.F., CA 94103. Yeah! Hot fun!

HOT GDLKG W/M

26 wants a hot man to spread his cheeks & sit on my long wet tongue. Greg (415)673-9201

TRAINING

Harding big dicked Daddy 6'2" 35 will take on hot boys 18-30 years old, who need basic instruction or limits stretched. TT CBT BD FF WS shaving and/or just taking a big one. Lots of affection, too, if you're a good boy. Apply w/letter & photo, now to Jake 584 Castro #246 S.F. CA 94114

SAN FRANCISCO HANDSOME

Hot hairy 34 wide receiver seeks well-endowed active men for 10+. Have pad & toys. Reply P.O. 14065. S.F. 94114 w/ phone # & time

SAN JOSE BIKER 33

Hot muscled in leather needs disobedient son into B.D. V.A. w/ training. Box 3851

DADDY WANTED

By 26 year old Black M. No FF or scat. Looking for long term relationship. Must be over 25. Cal. anytime 415-474-2034

FIND HIM IN THE CLASSIFIEDS!

FISTFUCKERS

It's not depth but mol on that excites this hungry hole. Goodlooking W/M wants to play with other hot men who know how to use their fleshy paws. Write to Dan et al 584 Castro #246 S.F. CA 94114

RELATIONSHIP WANTED

I am a 52 year old bearded male 6'5" 185 lbs excellent physical condition. I seek a relationship with a younger man, preferably 21-32 who enjoys the companionship of older men. don't drink or use heavy drugs. I don't

believe in slavery. I don't want to "own" you. I offer you my experience, maturity and love. I hope we can grow together. I can play rough but I can be gentle and loving too. I have a broad range of interests, movies, sports, music, theatre but am open to your interests as well. Sexually I am very versatile and open to mutual exploration. If you are the best slave employed, I would love to hear from you. Box 3757

VERSATILE WRITER

into SM and you name it. seeks man under 45 with good body. No J/O phone-calls. 861-3183

TATTOOED DADDY

Firm, young 40, wants pics and letters for J/O from punks, excons, cops, and other daddies. Box 3847

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

ITCHING FOR A FIGHT

Looking for studs who are into heavy pro-style boxing, toughman contests, serious fistfights or bruising bare-knucks brawls to a KO finish. Send challenge and photo to Box 3834

SAN DIEGO TOP

6'3" — 40 — 190 into all scenes — complete game room — B/D S/M W/S FFA. Leather Hoods — wax lils — etc. 619-420-8967

BIG FURRY "BEAR"

Burly blue-collar type W/M (6'1"-232-33) trim beard, thinning hair, broad hairy shoulders, chest and back pierceable bear belly, cut 6'6" nice butt and strong legs (13E boots) seeks hot uninhibited MEN 24-40 for sweaty lust, fantasy realizations, kinky and/or sensual good times. Stoney @ (213) 666-3206 (Silverlake) Box 10643 Glendale, CA 91209

HORNY WHITE-HOT

Seeks studs into fucking-rimming-sucking Dildoes-S&M W/S Poppers, prolonged ass hole play-versatile (top-bottom) AM. 45 180 lbs-6 tall-beard-moustache-Give uniforms, good bottom service! Box 3520

YOUNG HOT WHITE MASTER

26 yrs old, 5'8" 130 lbs. Brown hair, green-gray eyes, mustache and nice body. Seeks slaves(s) who need to be owned for life. Also will review requests from slaves(s) who seek less permanent service. Forward detailed letter w/photo to Lord Stephen, Box 352, Garden Grove, CA 92642-0352

ANY REAL ACTION

From dudes who know what the hell they can, and will put out and take. Really know about M/S, B/D, W/S, B.P. Toys, Hoods, Rimming, Potty seal, Humil, and 7777. Let's match 90% for hot action. BLACKS get 1st place. HAIKY W/M CH CANOS come in 2nd with PHOTO get quick reply, responsibility gives all one. No age or size hang up. Let's do it. Ads are for it. Box 3647

HOT MASTER

TAKING APPLICATIONS

For slaves(s). Temporary or permanent servitude considered by hot, 29 yr old 5'9" 145 pound blond/blue-eyed dominant professional. Looks are important but knowing your place and staying there makes the difference. Limits considered but a slave's duty is to satisfy his master. Masculine mediterranean/latins a plus. Box 3658

S.L.O. AREA

Young Asian Leatherman seeks friendship (more?) with full leather WM. Box 1632

MASTER WANTED

Into heavy B—D, Shaving, motorcycles, domination, outdoors, slave offers himself completely. Box 3613



DUDE PHONE

For the best sex in the west!

(213) 484-5495

MasterCard, VISA and AMEX

EXPERIENCED KENNEL MASTER
Seeks raw human animal for training. Object: obedience, loyalty, development. Will consider all breeds from street mutt to pedigreed hunk. Must have strong healthy constitution, spirit and basic intelligence. Not for fantasy seekers or hopeless wrecks. If you are a man who realizes that his greatest worth is as an animal who must have firm direction tempered with warmth, understanding and necessary discipline, then this could be your chance to finally realize your full potential. Your responsibilities will be few: chief of house security and companionship. Your opportunities are led only by your will. The San Diego area will be home. Keep in mind that the best animals have good intuition, so follow your instincts. Submit photo, address and phone. Box 3581.

SLAVE DANNY
Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For parties, photos, groups or one Master. (213)846-9486.

WANTED
LEATHER B K E MASTER
Into motorcycles, shaving, branding B-D, Heavy Discipline, humiliation, flog, whips, chains, cigars, into outdoors. Master 58 or taller, 140 or heavier, 25 years or older. White. Photo requested. Slave offers himself daily. Box 3631.

WANTED
Healthy male slave, any race, 21 must be willingly disposed to total service, in any and all means without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding his slave's whole mind and body in

a fully subservient existence, dedicated to its Master and his life style. Send appropriate application humbly to: Master Conrad, P.O. Box #938, 29 Palms, Calif. 92277. Include a complete mailing address and telephone number. **BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY** if acceptable.

IF HE'S NOT HERE HE'S NOT AVAILABLE

BLACK MUSCLEMAN TOP
Wanted by blond bodybuilder into bondage, leather, CBT, Shaving, vacuum, total service. Am hardworking, stable, professional building, gameroom and gym. Have much physical & mental potential. 1st ad serious only pls. Photos ref. #2458306 W. 1shire Blvd. Beverly Hills, Ca. 90211.

S M ART GALLERY
Experienced art dealer is considering possibility of opening a Leather S/M Macho-Fetish art gallery. Interested painters, sculptors, photographers, models, etc. submit photos of work and feedback to Box 3772.

SAD ST WANTED
By masochist for expanding my limits in all scenes. No drugs or shaving. Available weekends. Box 3656.

BLACK SAD ST WANTED
To torture my white body as he wishes. Box 3777.

LEATHER DISCIPLINE
Hot hotsman w/m 40-61" 190# Sadist. Experienced and widely respected seeks unfettered muscular masochists. **OBJECT:** Enlarging the S/M spectrum by satisfying mutual needs. Rawhide and steel will restrain your power while whips, wax and weights stimulate your endurance. If you're

ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons, contact Frank Albright, Box 84085, San Diego, CA, 92138 or call 619-260-8196 (after 11 pm).

PIERCED, TATTOOED LA TOP

Bearded 6', 155# w/m mid-40's, looking for L/L, boot-lickin', piss-drinkin', grease/oil-lovin', bondage slave to shave. Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos, CBT/T, W/S, shaving and bondage. Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionistic punks, ok. Photo/phone replies answered first. Box 3741.

PROFESSIONAL BEHAVIORAL TRAINER

With extensive experience as a topman offers S/M counseling, training, instruction, and experience. Mental and/or physical. Write Box 3692.

NOVICE SLAVE SEEKS MASTER
38, 6' 185, dk brn/brn, good looking, good body except soft middle, looking for a dominant top/master to serve & service. Into hte B/D W/S, VA and expanding my limits with the man. No pain. Please write to LF #PO Box 351011 LA CA 90035 as I am waiting to serve and service you.

BONDAGE TOP WANTED
For inventive heavy discipline and service. I am a top who wants more, their way. Into leather/uniforms and intense scenes. Successful and together, 30, 160# 6' G.W.M. Travel P.O. Box 29444, Los Angeles CA 90029.

LOOKING FOR A FIGHT
Boxing, toughman contest, stripped to the waist, levis boots, bar knucks (st-

fight to a KO finish. If you're into a sweaty, bloody, bruising brawl, send photo and challenge to Box 3849.

SHORT BLENDS, BIG REDHEADS
Two witty Masters seek 2-3 hrdwkrng slavemen with steel balls 20-25, tough scrappy dudes into BB, wrest, karate, gymnastics, etc. Will sponsor competition material. Absolutely hth minded. No dopers, drunks, smoking, bu shift or damage. Age looks, cocks size unimportant. Seek obedience, loyalty, discipline with "Yes, Sir" attitude, capacity for correction, punishment, having balls whipped, butt paddled. Do it right or do it over. Not looking for 2nd best. You will wear collar and leash with pride, eat from dog bowl with gratitude along with our 3 dogs. If I am liar with white, ne brigs, you have an idea of the obedience and discipline we look for. Your strength, brawn, mind and intelligence will be totally committed to our exclusive benefit, comfort and pleasure. We're looking for slavemen who work & sweat hard for their Masters. w/ll spitshine Masters' boots, take pride in doing it well. I require thirsty slaves who can relieve me of 3 AM piss. No neeies, assholes, game players, nonsense, preferably no family. This is permanent, the real stuff. You will have your butt in gym every day, train in martial arts, perform strength and endurance routines for your Masters and their friends. will be pierced and tattooed. Duties will be house slave, p... a end, run Owners various... prses. Wake washboard abs, gigantic forearms, hvy vascularity. You will be GP FA, will help design your own leather and steel gear. Lm is entirely up to us, but no scat or FF. If you dig motorcycles, great, im partia-

The MAGNIFICENT ART OF JOE JOHNSON



Closeout! 24.95

BEAUTIFULLY REPRODUCED IN AN UNBOUND PORTFOLIO OF NINE 11½" x 17½" OFFSET LITHOGRAPHS READY FOR FRAMING. These were the last original Joe Johnson prints and are catalogued in New York as a \$45 value. The remaining sets are being offered at 24.95 plus \$1 postage and handling. California residents add 6% sales tax.

STUDSTORE™ 960 FOLSOM STREET SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94107

to redheads, my lover likes blonds not required. I like 'em tall, my lover short. Brd & moust. desirable. If apeman hairy, you're practically home free also not required. If you are good it makes no difference. Desire some background in cooking, carpentry, gardening. Vegetarian oriented. Must be able to get driver's license and passport. We travel, need driver, bag handler etc. If you think you're in the ballpark let's talk. Photos. Remember—no limits, no excuses. Your attitude is everything. If you're good, we have latitude. Now read this again, very carefully. Box 3846

YOUR FANTASIES BECOME REALITIES IN THE CLASSIFIEDS!

TELEPHONE

NUMBER

DRUMMER and MANIFEST w/ I now accept verified telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

COLORADO

WOMAN'S SEARCH FOR

Under 30 wanted by older experienced sane batherman who will help you achieve scholastic, career, health, physical & leather goals. Mike P.O. Box 18876 Denver CO 80218

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

HANDBALL DEVOTEE

170 lbs solid muscle, 5'10" 38, dark bearded. InterChain 228. I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity and self acceptance. Am my own man and not captive of any role. Years of residence in Berlin, Paris and Stockholm have given me European flexibility. Besides FF, am into a l/sides of Fr, Gr titwork and like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Sound interesting? Balls in your court. Write P.O. Box 30651 Bethesda, MD 20814-0651

FLORIDA

WOODSHED DISCIPLINE

Young goodlooking Dad, 27 gives hot bare bottom spankings to naughty boys. No Greek. Photo a must. Box 3539 St. Petersburg, FL 33731

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, attractive top with firm but gentle style seeks partners for "training" in heavy bondage + light S + M. Limits respected. Discretion required and assured. Applicant will include photo and phone in application letter or cassette. Jake Leonard, Box 130051 2260 NW 58th Ave. Sunrise, FL 33313

WANTED: SLAVE/LOVER

M wh, un36, some exper lthsex, slim or musc could re-locate educ mature S Wh 40 educ, finan secure 6'3" 88 Handsome, completely masc & dom, has Full lth & equip. boots, toys for it to hvy S&M B&D VA CBT, WS, G-A FrP, Respect him, but well expand

M describe self & exper phone recent photos, turn-ons & offs, any limits to S Answer w/more info & specs, my pics, Plan me your area/ you visit S Fla. Mr Sir, Box 11816, Ft. Laud. Fla. 33339

SUBMISSIVE WHITE MALE

26, looking for mature dominant daddy into teaching me how to serve you. Bondage light S&M no FF or SCAT. Heavy chest & or beard a plus. Box 3841

GEORGIA

SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN

Late-30's goodlooking, straight appearance, manner 5'11" medium build shaved balls/asshole, seeks masculine/straight Southern Gentleman Daddy, 40-50, for mutual affection, some discipline/humiliation, cock, balls/asshole/piss worship, occasional fisting and other creative sex. Daddy must be Southern native. Relationship possible. Joey Box 3037, Atlanta, Ga 30307

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Versatile (Top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fisting, rimming, sucking, dildoes, S&M W/S, poppers, Levis, leather boots. Am 27, 150 lbs 5'11" with short brown hair, brown eyes, beard, moustache. No tats, ferns, blacks. Bridwell, Box 12348, Atlanta, GA 30355-2348

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Seeks hot masculine, hung, built tough, mean, sadistic/sane master

Leather/Police Gear White (especially dark, hairy, foreign born, Greek, Italian, Mediterranean) or Latin 21-35 Possible long term relationship. I'm Black, 27, tall, hot, handsome, hung, built. Think you can tame/train/own me sir? Using moderate S&M leather toys, B&D, W/S, intense VA/humiliation/ degradation, spanking/whipping, mind control, etc. I respectfully request your interrogation/ demands/ orders sir! B.J. (219)883-3502 evenings 10-12. No fisting, piercing, shaving heavy pain, physical damage. Smoker/ alcohol/ poppers OK

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Very goodlooking, w/m 28 6'0, 160 lbs blonde/blue, clean-shaven, wei, hung. Seeks slim or skinny w/m slavedog 18-30 for naked servitude and ownership. Permanent ownership desired. SM B/D WS, VA, humiliation, shaving to let training, mid scat. Serious replies only. Send detailed application listing all measurements and experience, and nude photo. Box 3835

W-M, 38, 5'5", 175 LB

Assumes either role. Into serious outdoor-wilderness s/m B/D suspension scenes. P.O. Box 30288 Chicago IL 60630-0288

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nude photo/phone answered first. Box 122, Terre Haute, IN 47808

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Hunky Handsome, Kinky, 33, 5'8 1/2" 175, w/m wants uninhibited hot men who enjoy top, bottom or mutual play. Can get into nearly anything fantasy bondage, humiliation, rimming, leather rubber, w/s, socks, boots, outdoor/barnyard plus more—or just plain touching, holding a nerve, sex. Discrete professional looking for good times and honest friends can travel. Photo if possible, will return. Confidentially assured. Box 128, Des Moines, Iowa 50301

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Strictly top 33 w bald moustache if w/ right bottom man. Box 3799

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Hot looking tops or young bottoms looking for kinky scene Nov & May write GPO Box 11202, St Thomas, US Virgin Islands, Area 00801. Give your details, photo/ returnable and requirements get me local scene info and maybe place to stay.

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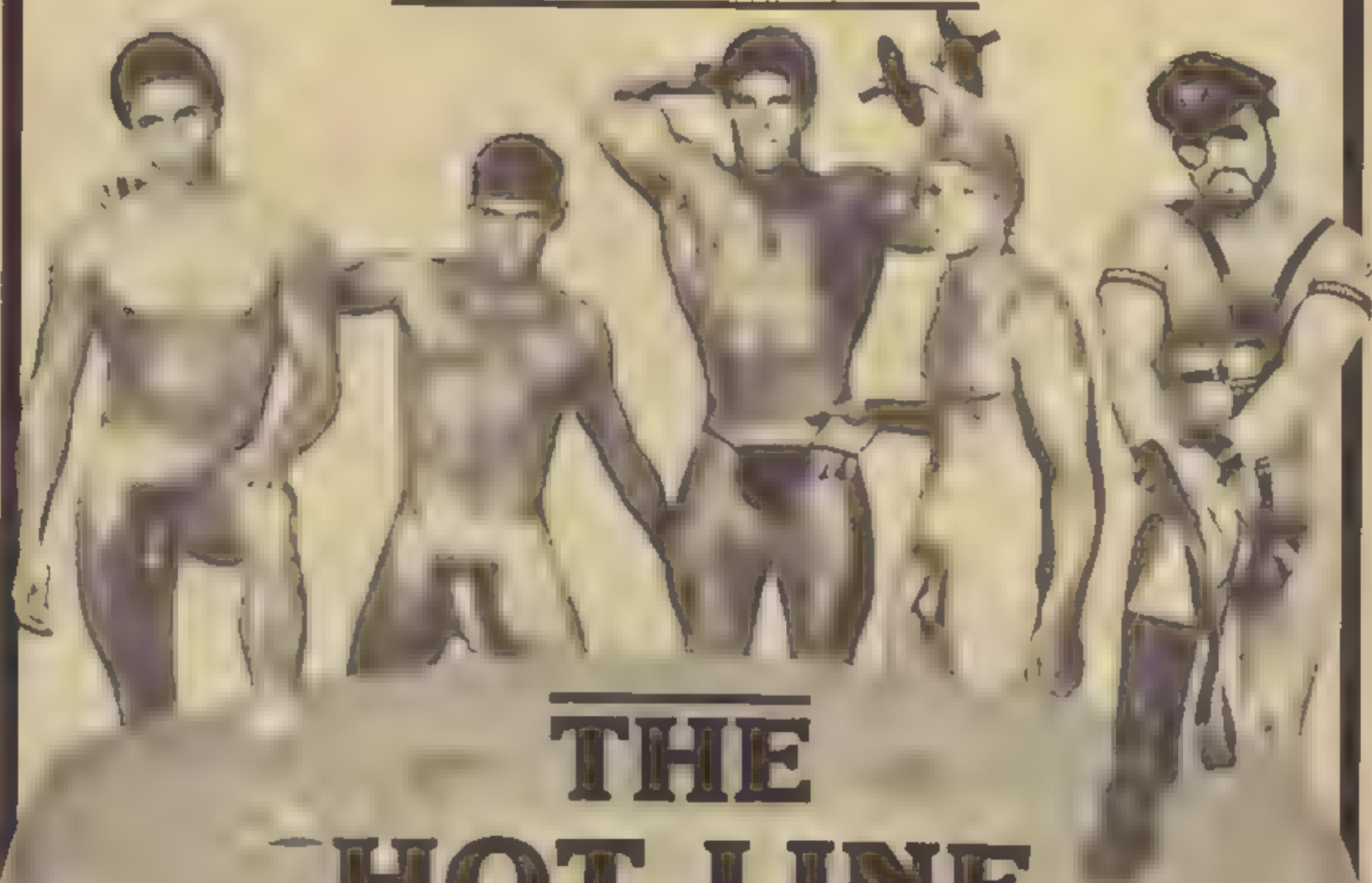
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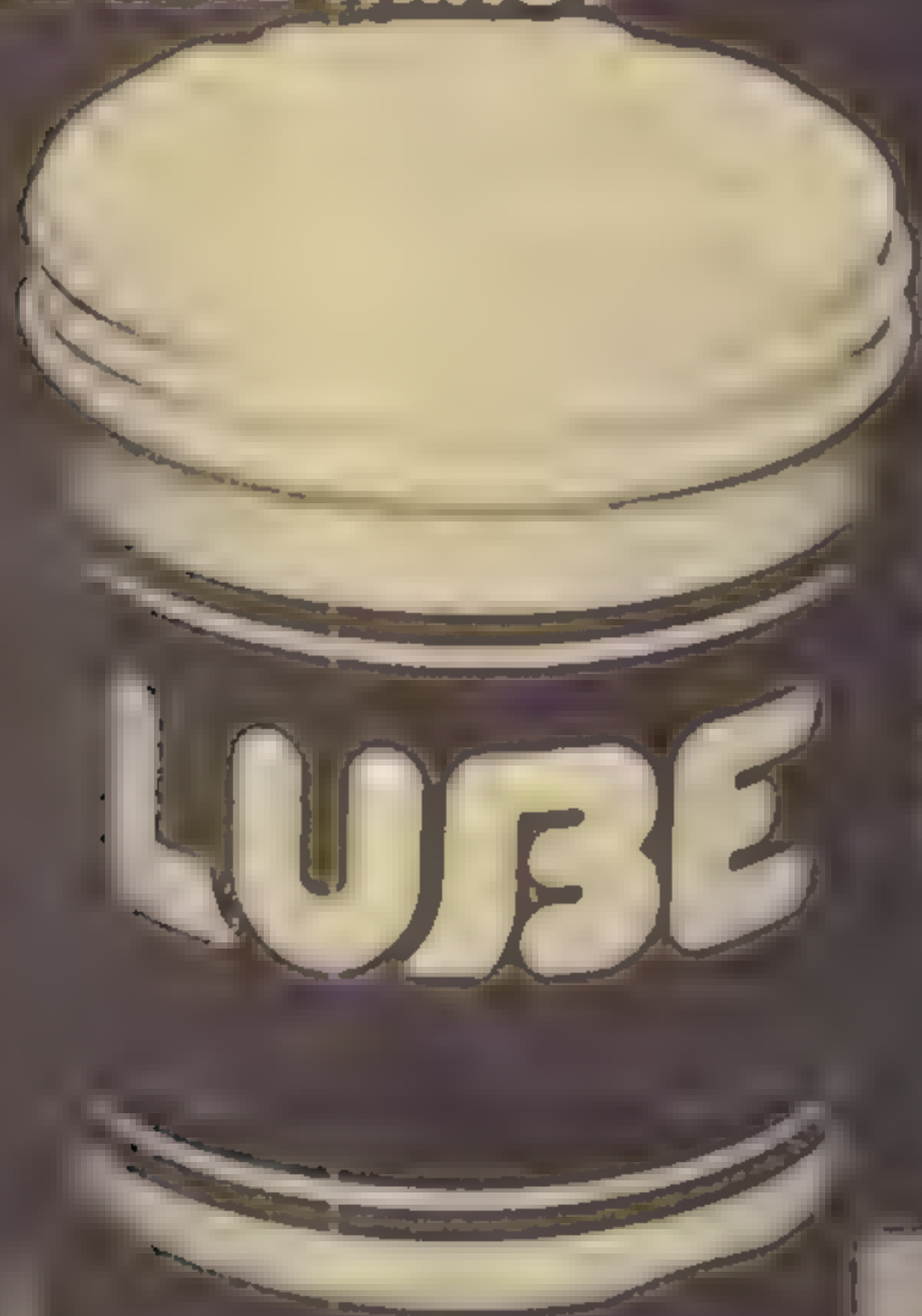
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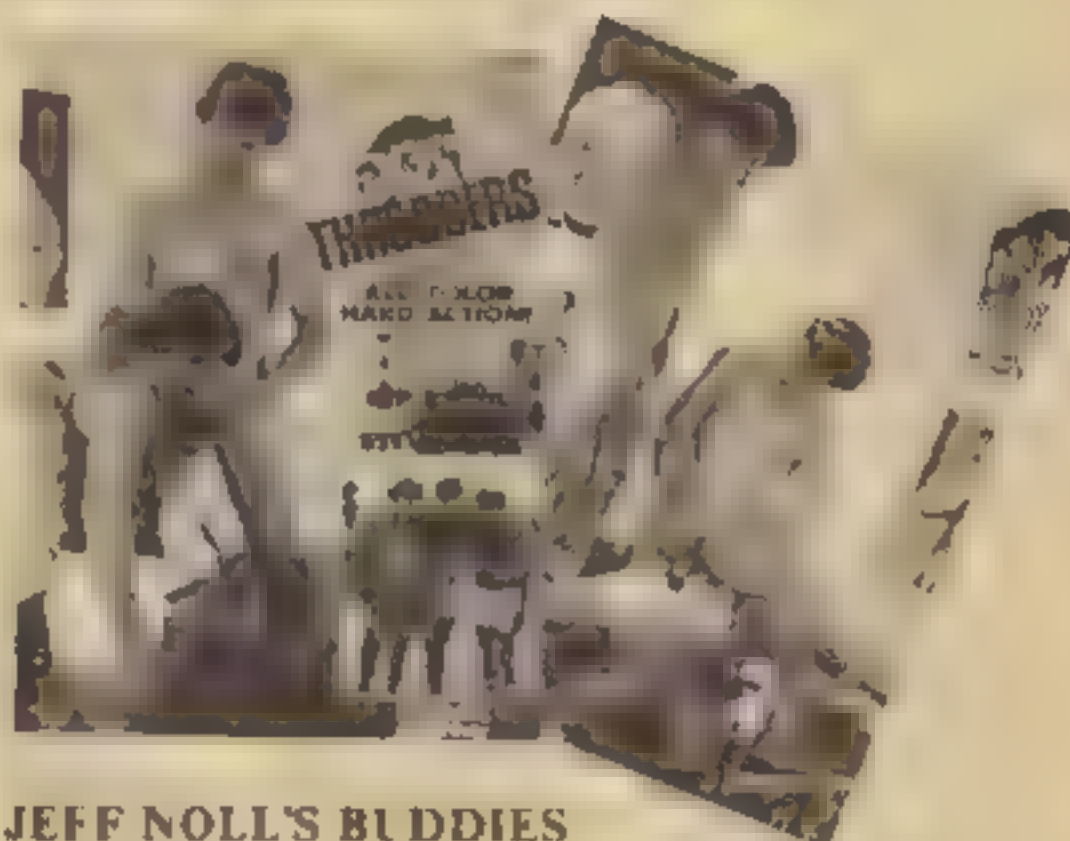
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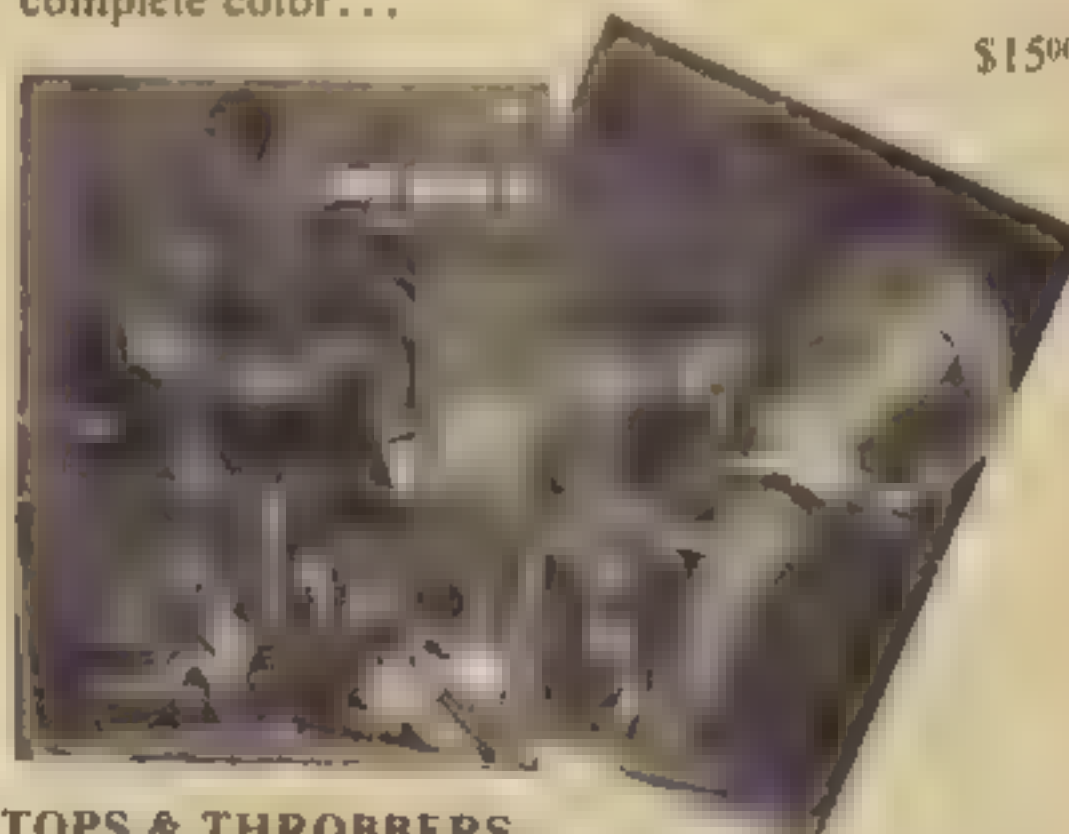
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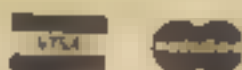
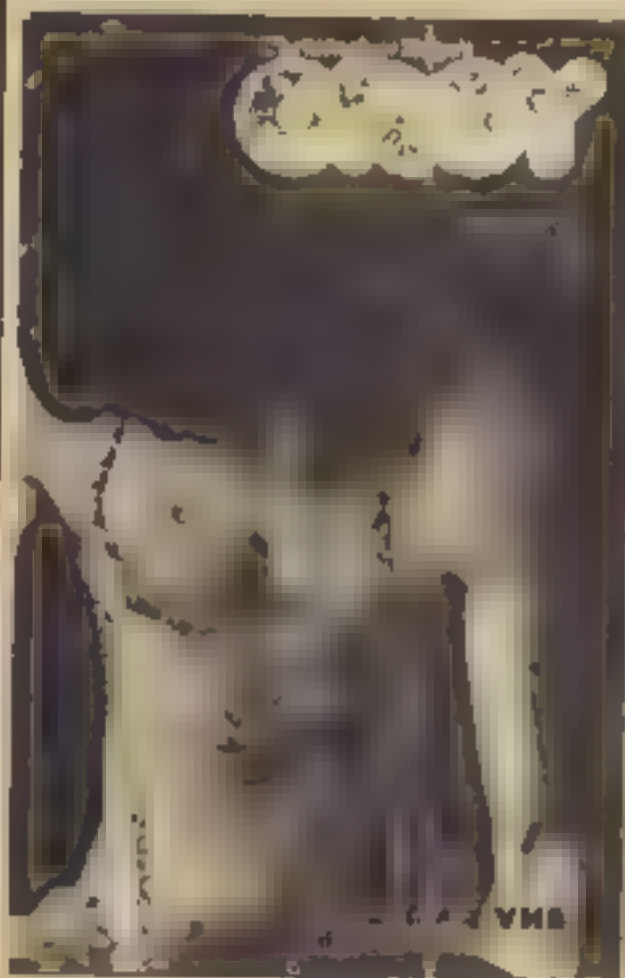
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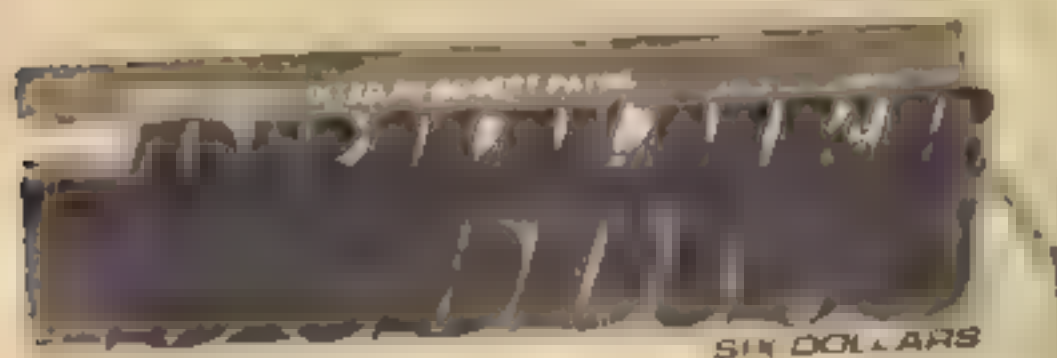
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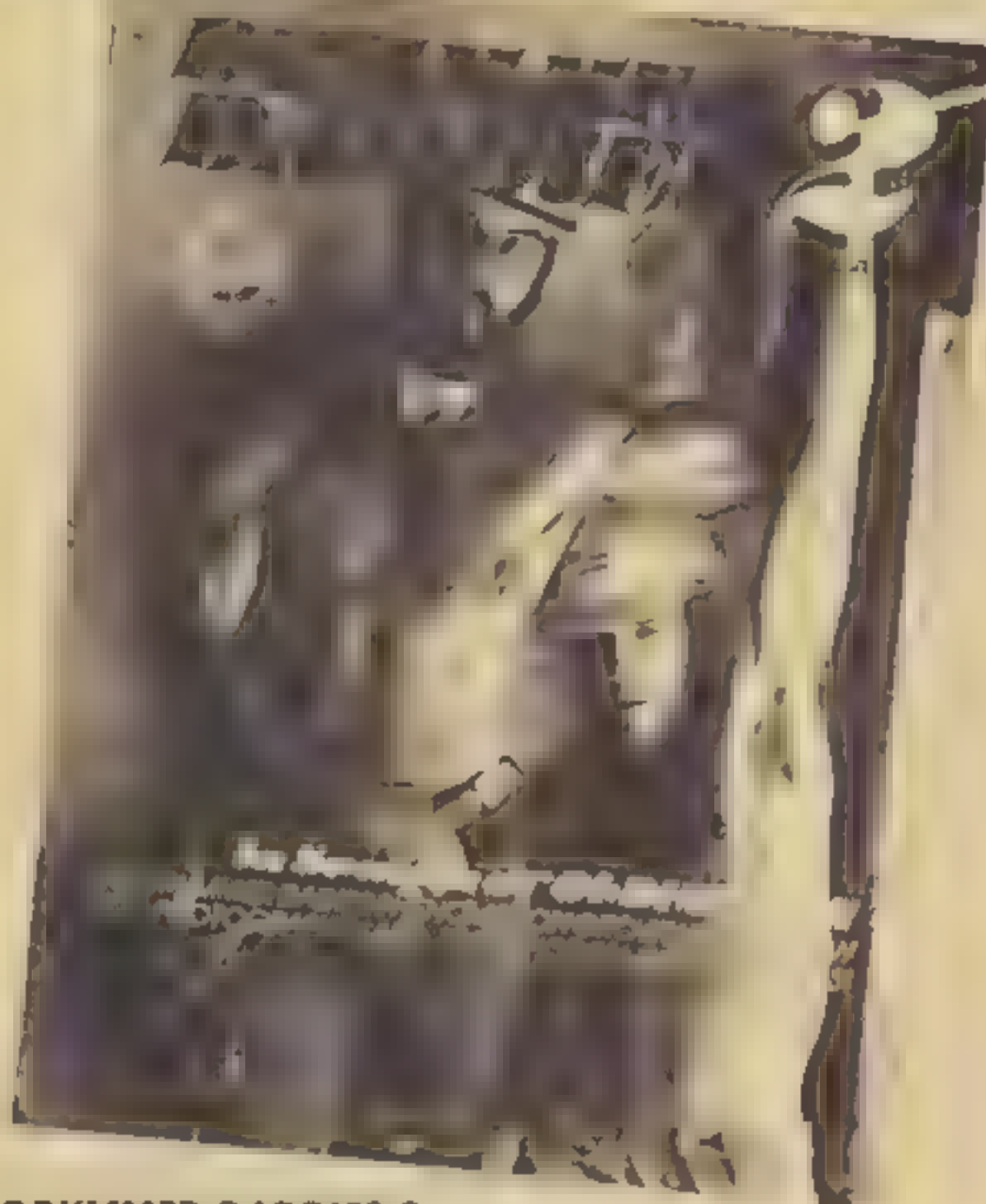


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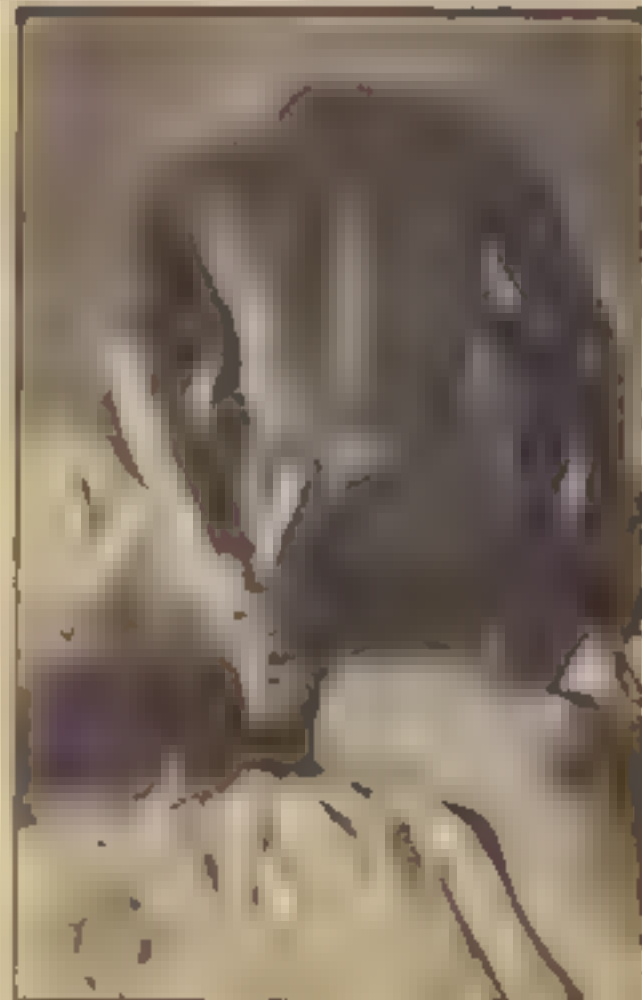


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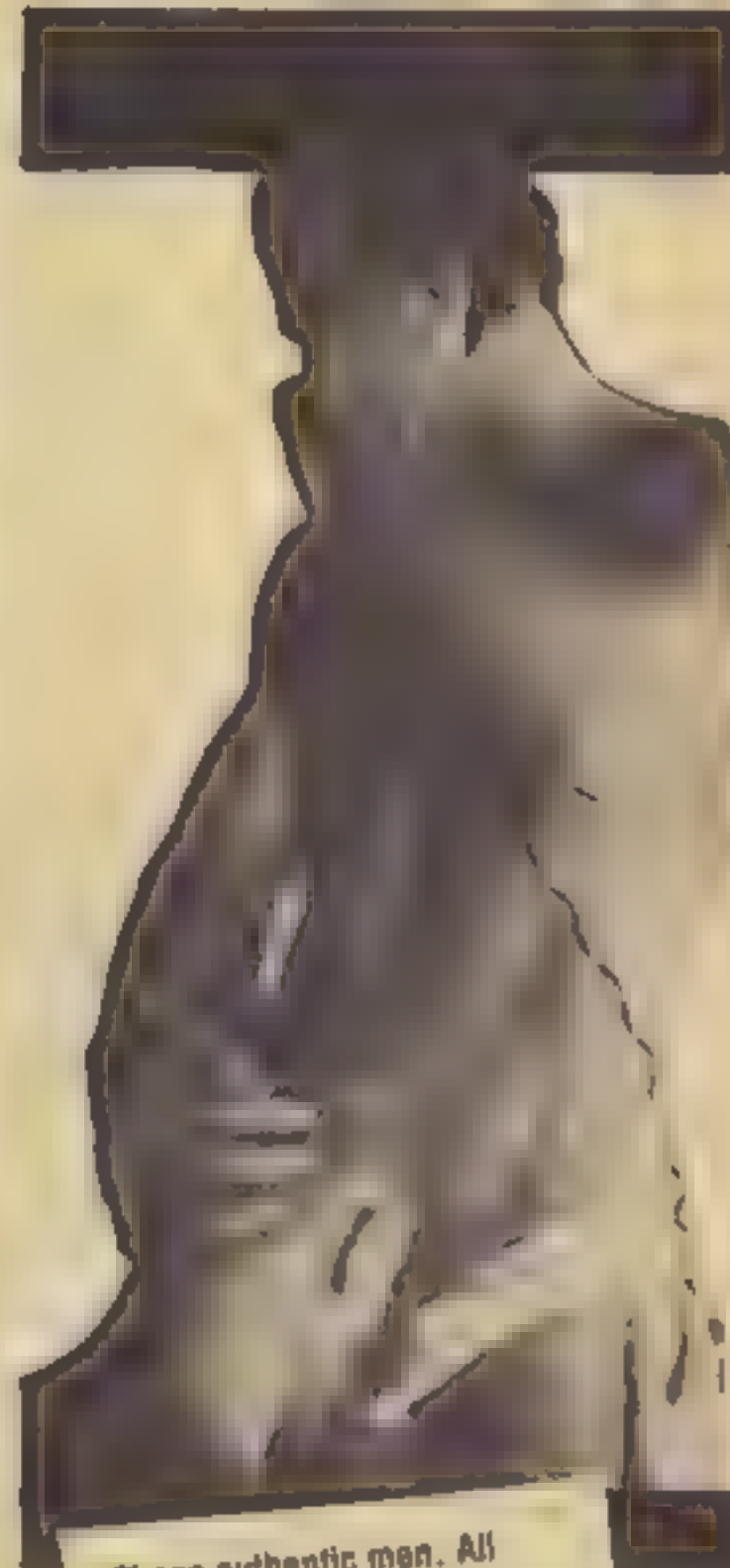
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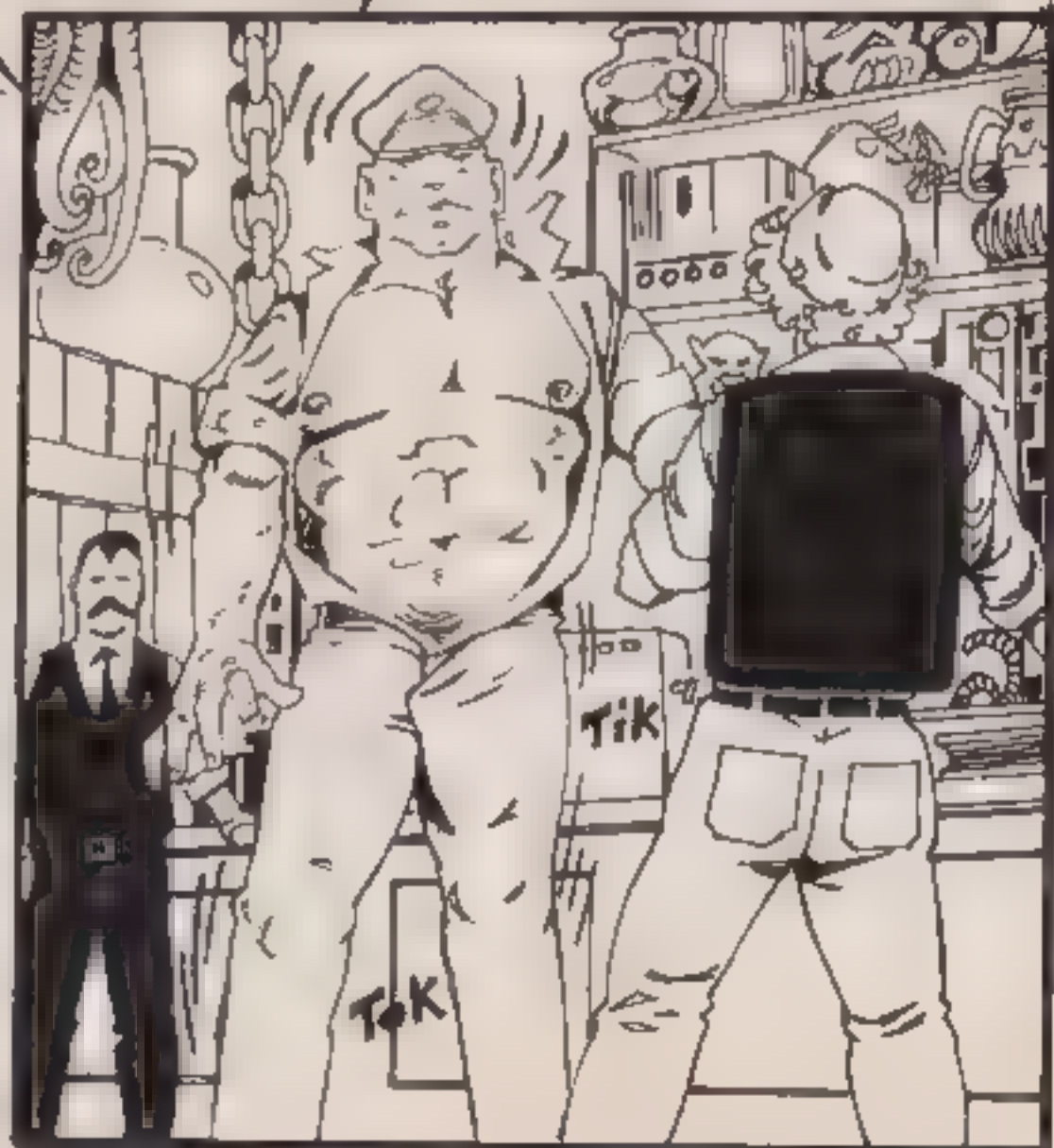
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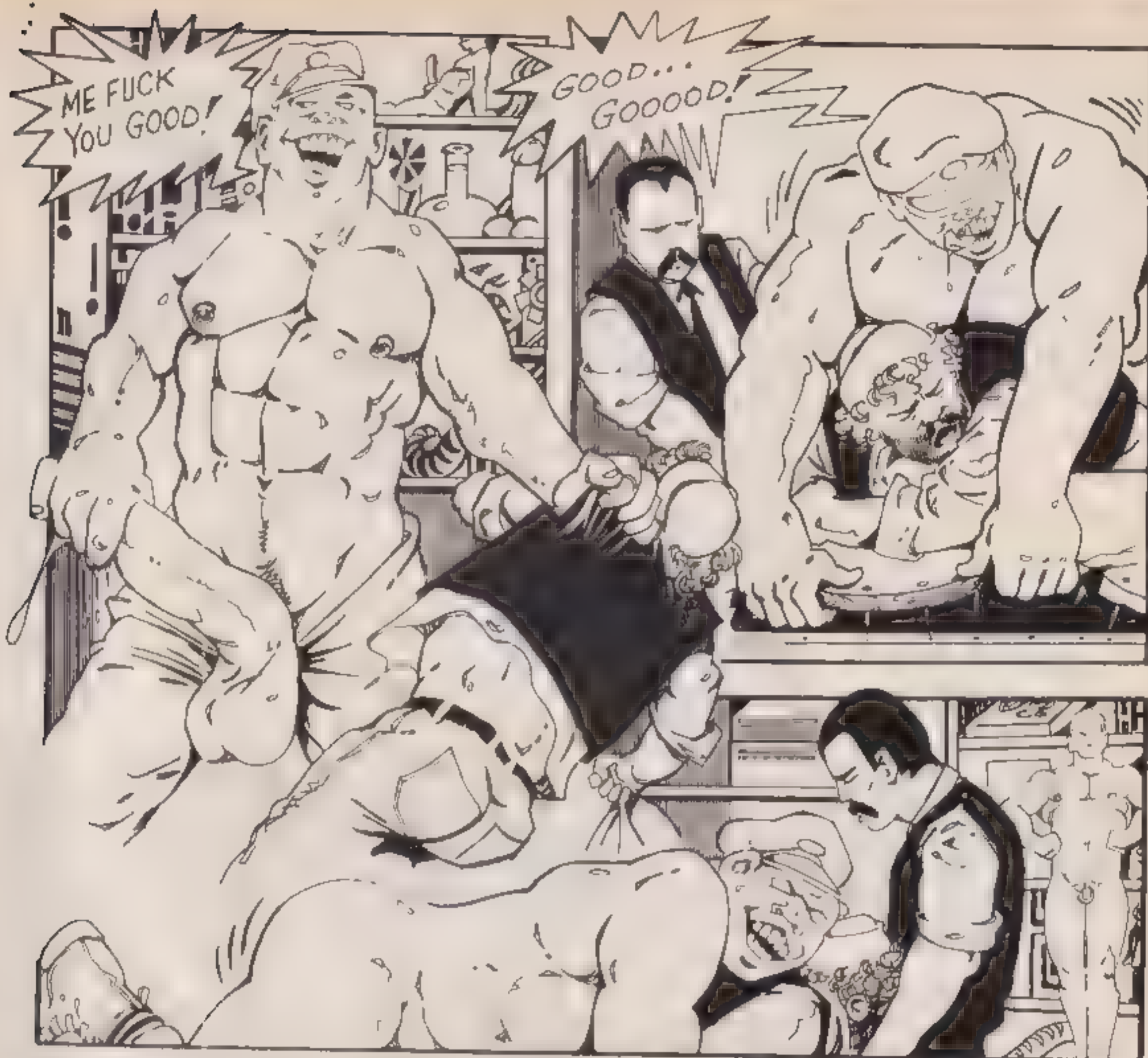
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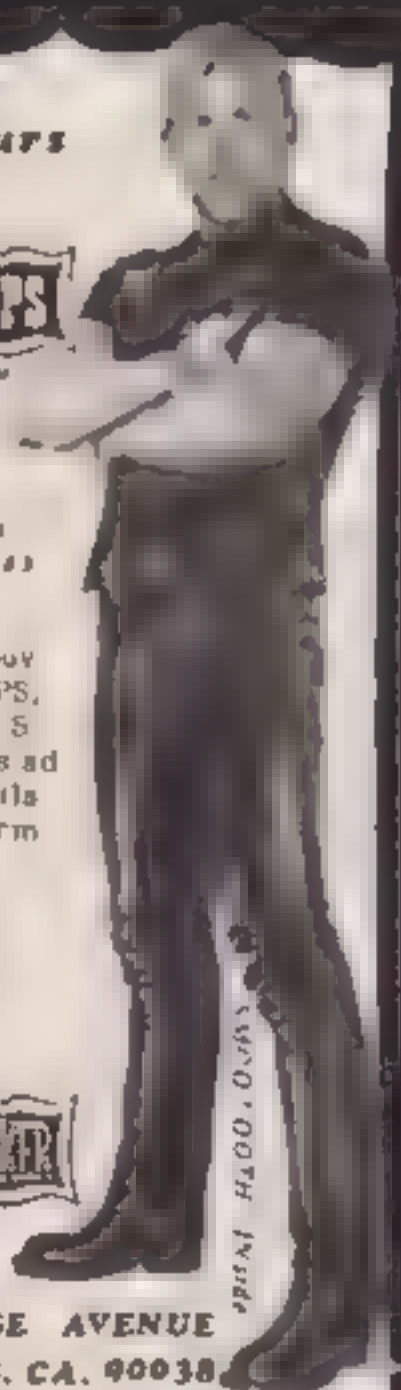
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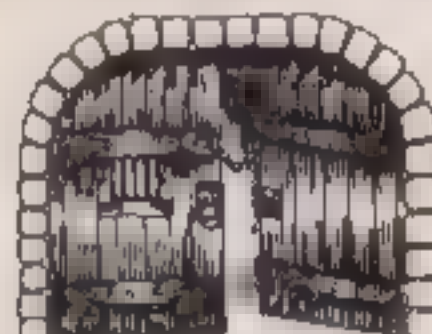
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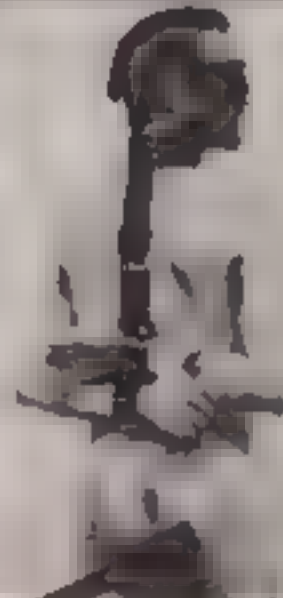
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This information arrived addressed to Drummer Daddies at large, "from a wet bad little boy." It's the latest in handkerchief codes, for "diaper-boys and their Daddies."

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Does this mean gay boutiques will soon be stocking up on pacifiers, rattles, and Gerber's baby food?

CHURCH'S FRIED CHICKEN

The much-loved "hot seat" may soon become a thing of the past at Holden Ranch for Boys in Morgan Hill, California. It appears that Youth for Christ (YFC), an international religious organization

which provides volunteer services at the county-run facility, recently went too far in applying its electrical "youth programming tool," and two teenage boys incarcerated at the ranch ended up with dime-size burns on their thighs. Unwelcome media exposure and threatened lawsuits followed.

Use of the "hot seat" is apparently a long-standing fetish among YFC organizers. *Ideas*, a YFC training manual, explains: "The 'hot seat'... is a great youth programming tool... Essentially it is an ordinary wooden stool that has been wired with a six-volt battery and a Model-T coil. Its function is to give the person sitting on the 'hot seat' a harmless shock that usually sends him (or her) leaping off the seat... When properly used, it can be a tremendous source of enjoyment for any group of young people... The 'hot seat' was developed and widely used in the nationwide network of 'Campus Life' clubs and has been used for fun in many other youth programs from coast to coast."

Another YFC booklet suggests lines to use during the fun: "This is the original Bunson burner—Mike is now going to get his bunson burned," "Joe has just won a free rump roast," and "Are you chicken? Good... now you're going to be fried chicken!"

Another book promises, "When it is used for fun, kids will usually look forward to the day when they get chosen to sit on it," but warns that "it is quite possible to get such a personal thrill out of frying kids on the electric chair that fun turns into vindictiveness."

Shocking.

□



DRUMEDIA

VIDEO

THE LIMITS OF DESIRE

In the history of American porn there has been little that was revolutionary. Sure, the explicit depiction of certain sexual acts—fistfucking, water sports, genital torture—have raised a few eyebrows. But in as many quarters as not these acts have been splayed across the screen without causing even the slightest arch of outrage. Literature, or more specifically porn literature, has brought the vagaries of human sexuality into the home and the mind since the first editions of de Sade. There has been nothing new under the sun

Until now

The *She-Male Encounters* collection contains six one-hour and two feature-length titles packaged by Caballero Control Corporation like potato chips—you can't eat just one; if you eat one you'll eat them all. Directed by Kim Christy, who obviously comes from the traditional Hollywood school of filmmaking, these eight entities are the sexual revolution in porn. There has never been anything like them, and they alter forever the way one views sexuality.

Christy uses a wide variety of reidentified genders throughout the series. Transvestites (in the classical sense), pre-operative transsexuals, and, in *Sulka's Wedding*, a post-operative transsexual. With the exception of the latter, these are the "she-males," a label that quickly sheds

She-Male Encounters, Volumes 1-6; *Dream Lovers*, *Sulka's Wedding*, directed by Kim Christy; Caballero Control Corporation; 1983, running times one hour to 90 minutes. Volumes 1-6 are \$49.95 each, 2 or more titles \$45.95 each; *Dream Lovers* and *Sulka's Wedding* are \$69.95 each, both for \$130 (add \$6 postage and handling per order). Beta/VHS. Signed statement required, VMC, 21540 Blythe St./Box 91304, Canoga Park, CA 91304.

itself of any ignoble infamy and becomes a term of sexual and political power. But since all these works are aimed at a major heterosexual market (and one must believe they were and are), Christy mixes his metaphors, biologically, and uses both homosexual-identified as well as heterosexual-identified men as sparring partners. As if that were not complicated enough, especially in a world where complications are the order of the day, Christy also employs biologically female co-stars.

A word about all these bodies, each of which works against any traditional gender identification: We label things and people so that we will know exactly where we are at any given moment and what is expected of us in any situation. It has its advantages. But, since labels are hardly absolutes, it doesn't always work. *She-Male Encounters* is a sterling testament to how misleading labels can be.

There are myths about pre-operative



—from *She-Male Video Encounters*

transsexuals (who make up the bulk of this series) that *She-Male Encounters* vaporizes—like "transsexuals have no sexual desire," "transsexuals can't achieve erection and/or orgasm," "transsexuals cannot function in a heterosexual encounter as a male." Wrong, wrong, and wrong. In human sexuality there simply are no rules.

The male-identified actors in these tapes are themselves worthy of special attention. It's easy to pick out which ones are in reality gay men; for the sake of a never-ending argument we'll assume that in those episodes in which the participants are pre-operative transsexuals and biologically-identified men who either fellate or get fucked by their consorts, that the men are inherently gay. Easy enough. But when it gets slightly more complicated, when the characters are composed of one pre-operative transsexual, one biological female and one man—who engages in every sexual combination possible given such a group—where are the boundaries? Especially in projects like *Sulka's Wedding*—the crowning achievement of this series—where well-known heterosexual-identified male porn stars are the co-stars. It's best if you first of all simply forget everything you've ever been told about men and women, heterosexuals and homosexuals.

She-Male Encounters Collection 1 and *Collection 2* are a good place to begin. Designed as a basic introduction to trans-

sexualism through fictional narrative, *Collection 1* stars Carnal Candy and Magnificent Margo, each sporting well-deserved adjectives, as two friends who chat over coffee one afternoon about their lives, their friends, and their adventures. Both are pre-operative transsexuals (everything but the actual vaginal construction); both are, as near-women, extremely beautiful. It seems Margo has just posed for a magazine as a transsexual. When she visits Candy she tells her about the shooting, about the latest news in her career as a model. Candy tells Margo about a new seamstress she has found who makes elaborate underwear—corsets, garter belts and such—and when Margo shows an obvious interest in Candy's intimations that the woman came over for more than a fitting, describes what transpired. *Collection 1* uses this literary device, known as the "reliable narrator," to bring forth each of the sexual episodes. The first we see is the encounter between Candy and the seamstress. It's glamorous and low-keyed; like everything else in this series extremely well photographed and paced. But there is a great deal of attention paid by director Christy to details of clothing, setting, and how the bodies are set against the environments in each of these tapes. Candy is well-hung (another myth shattered) and very adept.

Margo is impressed with Candy's story and expresses her desire to someday be



from *She-Male Video Encounters*

introduced to this multi-talented garment-maker. Candy next tells Margo about something that happened to their friend Sulka (the legendary Sulka, as we will see.) One day, while sunbathing by her pool, she caught a young blonde boy watching her and beating off behind a fence. Never one to let a culprit go unpunished, Sulka makes the young man join her at poolside and gives him a lesson in erotic deportment. She takes him inside her house where in a moment of over-heated passion, she reveals her cock, which is about the same size as his. His eyes show amazement, but his mouth—which falls open in disbelief—is soon filled. Sulka does not fuck him (I've never seen Sulka fuck another man in any of her films) but that in itself is the exception and not the rule. In the next tale, which Margo relates to Candy, we see the first example of a man being screwed by a transsexual. It's the delivery boy, who gets cheeky about a tip when he drops off Margo's groceries. Margo is 99% dominatrix and plows his young hairless ass with her oversized equipment.

In Candy's final tale, she and Sulka pick up a hunky young hitchhiker. Like most men in these adventures, he initially believes the transsexuals to be biologically-natural women. But, clever vixens that they are, they always wait until their male partner is hard, exposed, throbbing, drowning in passion before revealing their male sexual organs. The

point being, one must assume, that by that late date he will find himself on an irreversible course. It never fails. By the end of this adventure, the hitchhiker finds himself helping the two statuesque she-males adjust their stockings.

Margo begs her departure—errands await. She promises to come and visit tomorrow.

Collection 2 is almost a direct sequel. Margo and Candy are watching Margo's first porn film. Candy is fascinated by the whole idea of making films as a transsexual—and Margo encourages her to imagine the kinds of roles and situations she could stage. This cassette has a few remarkable plusses. It is the most strikingly photographed of the entire series—each of the situations is extremely well-conceived and realized—and the individual segments are exotic and highly-charged with a sense of style and *mise en scene*.

In the first imagined film idea, a black transsexual, Sylvia, seduces—and nearly fucks the brains out of—her poolboy. Candy imagines herself a German mistress with a transvestite maid, whom she tops with her inherent sadistic nature as well as her oversized cock. Lynn has the choicest film sequence, where she portrays a socialite getting dressed for an evening out when a muscular, handsome burglar invades her mansion and, finding a lack of ready cash, violates her porcelain body. When the housebreaker rips off

her panties and exposes her dangling male genitals, he goes for them like a fish to water. Finally, Toni, a raven-haired transsexual with a fiery Latin disposition, beats the shit out of her rubber slave, whom she keeps chained in the basement, before plowing his throat with her between-the-thighs surprise. This is also one of the few tapes in which there are no biological women present.

Collection 3 starts a new format in the series; individual segments are not tied together (as in 1 and 2) by a common narrative. The couplings become more diverse. *TV Therapy* is a three-way between a transsexual, a biological woman, and a man who decides to dabble in transvestism. *The Seduction of Jennifer* has a biological woman rape (in the mildest sense of the word) a transsexual. *Dominate Desire* is a real treat. A shackled slave in a play room (Craig Roberts, a seldom-seen but extremely hot man) is being worked over by a leather-clad woman who, among other delights, makes him drink milk from her breasts. They, or rather she, is caught by the real mistress of the house, Miss Sugar, a black dominatrix transsexual, who decides to punish them both. She does. Craig Roberts becomes the first heterosexual-identified male porn star to have his ass violated by another man in this series—but not the last. So much for labels and sexual-preference identification.

Collection 4 starts with *The Truth About Jennifer*—who is forced to reveal her transsexualism to her husband-to-be before their wedding night. It isn't even a minor disappointment as he proves to Jennifer a little thing like her dick won't stand in the way of their sexual happiness. In fact, by the time the story ends, he has on her clothes. *The Salesman's Surprise* features another handsome, hung hunk who is peddling dildos door to door. When he calls on Debra, Jennifer and Margo (one is a biological woman), he finds out that he has a product without a market. In this episode complete bisexuality (as we know it) is the focus. Mark gives and takes any and everything, a few things twice. *Witch on Heels* brings more transvestite SM, as Debra dresses up her boyfriend, whom she renames Rebecca, in slutty whore's garb and tortures his oversized genitals completely and without mercy.

Collection 5 is two very long segments, *Orgy at the Poysinberry Bar* and *The Outrageous Nurse*. In the former, one of the most languid of all the encounters, we see a wide variety of men, women, transvestites, transsexuals, and downright drag queens who frequent a bar where just about everything goes, either on the bar, the bar stools, or the dance floor. A newcomer in the male category stars in both of the stories on this cassette and he is a sight to behold—maybe one of the hottest men I've ever seen in a nongay porn film. His name is Larry Shipp and, though

I've never seen him before, he is destined—unless he decides tomorrow to become a dentist instead—for stardom. Although Craig Robert's ample charms are featured in *Orgy*, it is Shipps who ultimately gets invited home with a quartet of various genders for an all-night orgy. In *The Outrageous Nurse*, Shipps reappears as an oversexed stud who has worn his girlfriend out. The nurse is none other than transsexual Jennifer Thomas (known as Juicy Jennifer), who gives girlfriend Gypsy Rose a complete vaginal examination with everything in the clinic. Rose is on the table for such a long time that boyfriend Shipps comes in to check on her and finds the nurse buried to the balls (literally) in the alleged sore spot. Yes, Virginia, they have a three-way.

Collection 6 is called *Trilogy of the Bizarre* and moves toward new areas, including lesbian SM. *Manhattan Pickup*, the first of the trilogy, has the distinction of being the first transsexual story in which (as far as I have noticed) both the transsexuals and the young man are uncut. Two New York transsexuals, coming home the next morning from an all-night party, encounter a young college-type hunk on his way to wherever. He follows them for a few blocks before they stop and confront him. They let it be known that they are not biological women, which he doesn't believe, so they take him home to prove it. In this completely non-threatening environment (there is no one around to tell his college friends) he experiments, and experiments, offering up his virgin ass to both the she-males (which they accept with relish) and later to a rather large dildo. In *She-Male Surprise*, a peeping Tom is watching two women make out on their semi-private deck. They see him, invite him in, and—you've got it—one turns out to be a transsexual. He's no great beauty, although sexually quite sophisticated. *Naughty Girl's Nightmare* is deceptive at first. You expect the leather-clad, whip-wielding dominatrix to be a transsexual. This is a lesbian SM section that has a wonderful hair-cutting scene (a wig is used at first, but later you see the really-shorn head in question) but otherwise does not live up to the intensity of the other stories.

Dream Lovers and *Sulka's Wedding* are, in a word, unique. These two feature films, when taken together, carry the viewer through the entire spectrum of emotions and sexual desires of transsexuals, and include the pre-operative as well as the post-operative performances by Sulka, the single most famous contemporary transsexual.

In *Dream Lovers*, Sulka, who is still pre-operative, is a hostess in a nightclub where everything goes. Mixed with her duties are her dreams—for the perfect lover, who appears as a man in a plastic mask (and nothing else) early on in the story. Filmed as a montage of episodes

and incidents, the story aims towards the romantic coupling of Sulka and Craig Roberts. While director Kim Cristy can handle the set-pieces well enough, there is lacking in *Dream Lovers* an overall cohesion that underlies the narrative filmmaking.

Not so in *Sulka's Wedding*, the cream of the crop of transsexual films. The film opens on the morning of Sulka's wedding day—to her dream lover to be sure, who is spending his last morning of freedom in bed with a woman from the night before. Besides Sulka herself and Craig Roberts, *Sulka's Wedding* also sports the likes of Paul Baressi (from, among other things, *Men of the Midway*), Ron Jeremy (the biggest cock in porn films excluding John Holmes—and a man who takes pride in being able to blow himself, which he does in this film), and a number of other

more superwoman type than the traditional, is a prime example of what plastic surgery and sexual reidentification can achieve. Everything has been done but the soles of her feet including some areas you might assume are never redesigned, like the mouth and chin.

After seeing all of these cassettes, I have to admit that I have a much different perspective (no pun intended) of pre-operative transsexuals. Beyond the shock value, there is an innate eroticism in transsexual porn. To the gay man it is accessible in a way that heterosexual porn is not. Very often the camera records a tight shot that is all male genitals, an image straight from gay porn, one that is identifiable and comfortable. As the camera moves back and reveals a woman (the transsexual) in a masculine sexual position performing a male-identified



—from *She-Male Video Encounters*

men and women who have appeared in porn films.

The entire film is devoted to bringing each of the characters to the wedding (it seems everyone is either in bed or occupied in mid-morning sexual bliss). Once assembled, after a few pit stops for various additional sexual encounters (in the bathroom, in the kitchen, etc.) the wedding begins. Then comes the reception, champagne, much picture taking, and one final all-stops-out orgy to end all orgies. Whew!

Sulka's Wedding covers the entire spectrum of transsexual sex as well as the more mundane heterosexual and homosexual varieties. It is, unquestionably, well worth the price of admission.


Sulka herself, now that her final transsexual operation has been completed, is a marvel of modern technology. Not the most beautiful transsexual—some of the transsexuals in this series are breathtakingly beautiful—nonetheless she is the most famous, and her body, while the

sexual act, the boundaries become less clear, the visual stimulus redefined.

When the scene is a transsexual and a biological woman, given the same tight shot, the look and feel is heterosexual porn, another social given and one that has become, if not accessible to the gay man watching, at least identifiable, understandable. Then, when the camera moves, it does not move to what can be identified as a lesbian framework—we are not watching two women making love—but equally does not move to anything else "comfortable" in the realm of our experience. The more complex the couplings, the more fuzzy the boundaries and points of reference, until finally we are left with only one absolute, as simplistic sounding as it may well be—sexuality is. That is the revolution of transsexual porn and of transsexuals themselves, that they have laid bare the lies of human sexuality and offered the only proof of sexuality, that it exists without limits.

—John W. Rowberry

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DRUMEDIA

BOOKS

THE HAPPY HUSTLER

The saga of Sam Steward (alias Phil Andros, alias Phil Sparrow) seems likely to go on forever. Novelist, namedropper, scholar, tattoo artist *extraordinaire*, seducer of the great, sex researcher (in league with Dr. Kinsey), pioneer writer of erotic gay fiction—Steward has done all, and told all.

He was born in the Midwest in 1909 and grew up amid rough-hewn farmboys whose favors (as he reveals in his book of memoirs, *Chapters From an Autobiography*) were often surprisingly easy to come by. Those initial erotic adventures established his first lifetime preoccupation early on: a passion for the glories of the male body and spirit. His second fascination was for writing and writers, and as an adult Steward pursued contact with the literati of his day with the same fervor he brought to his pursuit of handsome (and winning) men.

Steward is a self-professed and obsessive collector—of men and of mementos (he claims to possess a lock of Rudolf Valentino's pubic hair), and of meetings, fleeting or prolonged, with the literary great. Over the years, Steward managed to rub shoulders, and sometimes more than that, with Thornton Wilder, Lord Alfred Douglas (the lover of Oscar Wilde), Andre Gide, and the Paris salon of Gertrude Stein. His association with Stein and her companion Alice B. Toklas grew into a deeply felt relationship that spanned more than two decades.

Steward's own literary career started in the 1930s with two novels now long out of print and virtually forgotten, *Pan and the Firebird* and *Angels in the Bough*. Recognized on from the literary establishment and the reading public was not forthcoming, and Steward eventually settled into college teaching and a numbing affair with alcohol. He eventually gave up drinking and severed his academic ties, not to resume his career as a novelist, but to become a tattoo artist (under the nom de needle Phil Sparrow). That vocation allowed a certain outlet for his creativity, and also brought him into contact with a fascinating range of fetishists and their fetishes.

Eventually, Steward returned to writing, merging his craft with what fascinated him most: men, and the pursuit of sexual adventures. In the early '60s he began a cycle of erotic stories, told in the first person and published under the name Phil Andros.

Andros (the character) was a vagabond hustler and bon vivant, earthy and perpetually horny, but hardly dumb. Steward gave him a voice authentic to the streets, along with a skilled writer's eye for ironic detail and an ear for clever dia-

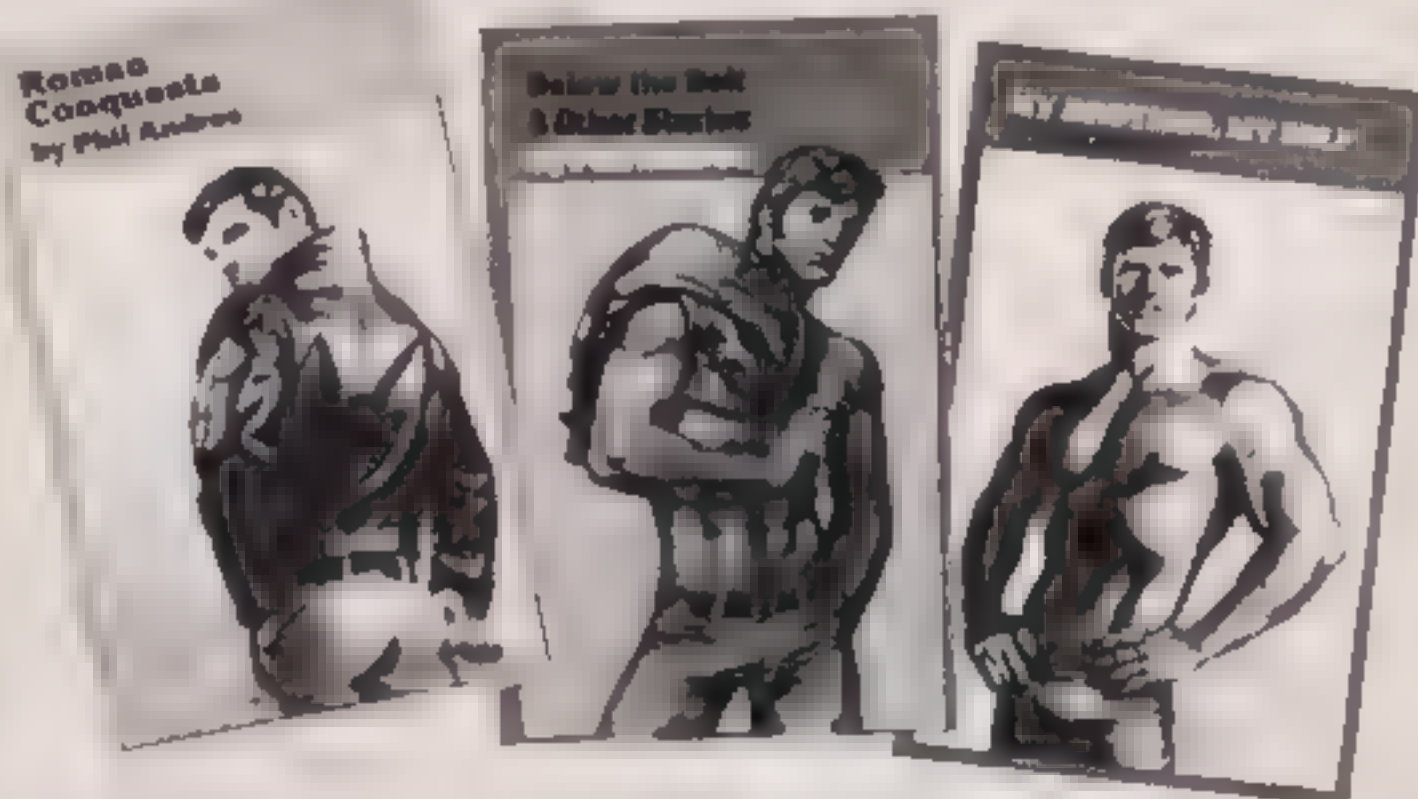
log. The Phil Andros adventures offered an unusually polished blend of literary craft and steamy sex, and (published as standard porn paperbacks) stood head and shoulders above most of their seedy competition.

Between 1965 (when the Supreme Court made it possible for his work to be published in the U.S.) and 1972, Sam Steward wrote seven Phil Andros books. The work may have been artistically and erotically rewarding for the author, but it was financially unremunerative (sometimes a flat \$400 per book) and frequently frustrating—dealings with disreputable publishers, pirated editions, waits of up to five years between writing and publication. After finishing *The Greek Way* in 1972, Steward retired from writing. It appeared that the gay world had seen the last of Phil Andros, and heard the last of Sam Steward's uniquely convivial voice.

The story might have ended that way: Steward alone and silent with a lifetime of amazing memories, his reputation as a writer based on a series of novels and

Stud, the first Andros book (written in 1965 but not published until 1969), was brought back into print last year by Alyson Publications of Boston; and San Francisco's Perineum Press has just reissued—in handsome paperback editions with striking cover art by Tom of Finland—two more Andros volumes, *My Brother, My Self* and *Roman Conquests*.

Phil Andros, first and foremost, is a good read. His physical descriptions are among the finest I've ever encountered. Steward knows how to transmute adjectives into flesh; images of his characters seem to levitate just above the page, as enticingly defined as daydreams. He knows how to skirt the fine line between the immediacy of actual experience and the embellishment of fantasy; and there is a very welcome, very subtle sense of humor underlying all. I recommend any or all of these titles. *Roman Conquests*, with its nonstop erotic encounters and exotic setting, might be the best place to start, though the stories in *Below the Belt* are more oriented toward SM.



story-cycles relegated to pornography and remembered only by a small circle of collectors and cognoscenti.

But this story has a happy ending, for all concerned. The surge of gay publishing in the mid-1970s offered a fresh market to Steward, and eventually new Phil Andros stories began to appear. In 1976, *Drummer* featured two Andros stories, "Babysitter" (*Drummer* 5) and "Many Happy Returns" (*Drummer* 8), and a year later (*Drummer* 21) published the classic "In a Pig's Ass." (All three stories, with nine others, were reprinted last year in the Perineum Press anthology *Below the Belt and Other Stories*.)

At about the same time, a re-energized Steward published his correspondence with Alice B. Toklas, *Dear Sammy*, and began writing the series of memoirs that appeared in *The Advocate* and eventually led to his book *Chapters From an Autobiography*.

Sam Steward and his alias/alter ego, Phil Andros, were reclaimed by his original readers and rediscovered by a new generation.

I'll close with a brief sample of the author's craft, from *Roman Conquests*. Our hero, lost in a delirium of amyl, is getting royally screwed by an Italian cop. "I shut my eyes tightly too, and against the green-colored lids I saw his cock plunging in and out of my asshole, seeming to grow larger—a baseball bat, a sapling and then a huge tree topped with a policeman's cap instead of the high-franched leaves. And then as the dream faded a little again I felt that I could see through his cock, that it was transparent, and that the white gyzym was rising in the vast trunk of it—and then spurting with violence into me..."

The titles mentioned in this review, if unavailable in bookstores, can be purchased by mail. *Stud* from Alyson Publications, PO Box 2783, Boston, MA 02208 (\$6.95 plus \$1 postage); *Chapters From an Autobiography* (\$5.95), *Below the Belt and Other Stories*, *Roman Conquests*, and *My Brother, My Self* (each \$6.95) from Subco, PO Box 10233, Eugene, OR 97440 (each title, add \$1 postage).

Steven Saylor

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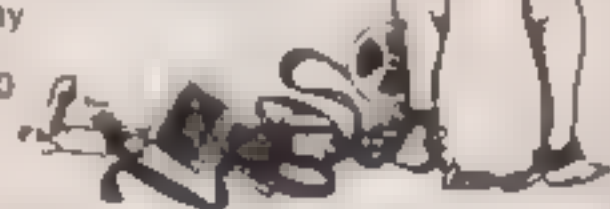
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IF YOU WAIT, THE WORLD FALLS APART

1982: *Querelle* is finished. Producer Dieter Shidor has been making an extra-curricular film about it—about its director: *Der Bauer von (the Wizard of) Babylon*. "What will you do now," asks Shidor, when he can no longer provoke his subject very far out of torpor. The wizard slumps further sideways into the puffy cushions, sucking invisible lines of smoke out of the air, his eyes sly, shy and swollen nearly shut, his speech slurred and ingenuously articulate. Rainer Werner Fassbinder replies in a wry death-song, "I will grow ugly and work—then let them come."

Two years and five well-received films earlier ("Mighty are the fists that caress you when you're a success"), Fassbinder completed *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, the ultrafilm of Alexander Döblin's epic novel whose central character, Franz Biberkopf, possessed the filmmaker most of his life. Via Gunther Lamprecht, exhaustively brilliant in the signal role—the character and the alter-identity merge and expand in 15½ hours of dramatic immortality. The style of *Alexanderplatz* is remarkably viewer-friendly—an expressionistic evocation of feelings and acts of the Bavarian soul, lighter-tempered than the mordant Prussian, trapped in 1928 Berlin except for that "now" always present in RWF's *Tristan*—an *à la carte* montage.

Franz is the eponymous anti-hero of *Sex and His Friends*; the ultimate controlling hand of three-fourths of Fassbinder's films (editor "Franz Walsch," a composite named after Biberkopf and the admired American director, Raoul Walsh); and plain "Franz" in a half-dozen others where pieces of character fit. He is as gay as he need be. "Homosexuality is not a theme" (The film) is about the identity of an individual.

In *Alexanderplatz*, the auteur is present throughout, though on screen only once, spying on Franz during a slaughterhouse orgy and flanked by unheavenly Angels like Fassbinder, gay sex itself is not exemplified until toward the end, but its consciousness pervades Franz—all the men—will stand as straight as the umbilical; a pull of a homosexual undertow will allow.

There are caustic in-jokes ("as if politics needed me to make it up"), on the perversions and prejudices of this (any) conventional, depressed, repressive society—a prescription for enhancing erections, signed by Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, abandoned half-used in a prostitute's room; a "scientific" sex manual fictionalizing the tragic effects of Paragraph 175 of the German Penal Code

Franz' sympathies and interests are crushed by others' scorn, but he goes on "knowing what he knows" and acting accordingly.

Women are not immune. In a case of mistaken sexual identity, Franz' friend Eva (Hanna Schygulla) is horrified at what she takes to be a lesbian approach by his naïve true-love, Mieke (Barbara Sukowa). In fact, as prominent as the female roles are in *Alexanderplatz*, they fade to insignificance whenever the men make contact—another social mirror.

It is Franz' Nemesis, Reinhold (Gottfried John), the compulsive womanizer who finds his eventual reward/punishment in seduction and capitulation to a fellow prisoner (the latter, by the way, the most self-assured gay image ever to appear in a Fassbinder film). Franz and Reinhold meet early on as strangers, lower class-mates, in the local pub (later transformed into a backroom leather bar in a mad-dream sequence). Reinhold is the stuttering, saturnine, liquid-eyed villain. They cruise and connect powerfully. Franz' innocent approach out of curiosity and friendship has challenged the other beyond bearing—he has set in motion the necessity for Reinhold to manipulate, and destroy him.

In *Wizard*, only actress Jeanne Moreau flirts with the camera, declaiming her pas-

sionate admiration for her director—the rest flirt with their own egos, with each other.

On the crowded, twilight set of *Querelle*, Fassbinder is glimpsed in film noir frames, never wholly captured, always surrounded and set off in a kind of bas relief by shadows of deep alcoves or platoons of dark, sexy men in purposeful Brownian agitation around their nucleus. He disappears emotionally from view even while holding center stage—his magnetism, his magic, deflects attention always to the work at hand. "My body already heavy with fat and leather," he tells the interviewer with breezy detachment. "I am disenchanted with glamor."

Shidor cuts back and forth between sets and eliciting remarks from cast, crew and incessant visitors. The takes and retakes of kisses and clinches, off-camera solitary workouts, bodies exuding sensuality, provocative poses never entirely at ease—these are always in view of an attentive male audience. The sexual tension is the work tension, not unpleasant, and later transmitted *en bloc* to the screen. It is all the more powerful for containing the ambiguities and tears of those, like stars Brad Davis and Franco Nero who are playing gay...but from the bottoms of their souls.

For Franz Biberkopf, for *Querelle*, for Fox, for all the denizens of all the Babylons who fall victim to their own imaginations or realities, Fassbinder tossed off a message to critic and admirer alike: "The heroic part will be added by the spectator."

—Penny Kimmel



—from *Berlin Alexanderplatz*



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FORESKIN UPDATE

FORESKIN RECONSTRUCTION

Greg P. to *galax[at]world.ii.net* is a Drummer reader living in Virginia. Greg wanted a foreskin; Greg got a foreskin, by undergoing a surgical procedure called a Phalloplasty. What follows is his first person account of that experience. The first part, written a few weeks after the operation, describes the surgical technique he selected and the recovery period that immediately followed. It's updated at the end by a brief postscript written four months after the operation in which Greg reflects on his decision. This is not his final word on the squeamish, but we believe it's a valuable and unique contribution to the lore of foreskins.

The procedure is technically called a Phalloplasty. It is an operation by which, among other things, a foreskin may be "instilled" where none was before. I recently elected to have this operation performed on my own phallus, and am still in the process of recovery. I am writing this in hopes of answering any questions you may have concerning this type of plastic surgery, and probably answering questions you may not even think to ask.

My surgery was performed by a urologist in Hollywood, California. I had originally considered a scrotal implant technique by a plastic surgeon in San Antonio, Texas, but the plastic surgeon's method seemed technically complicated and, considering that the entire procedure takes up to a year to complete, time-consuming. I suppose I wanted something simple, yet effective, though I would have gone with the surgeon if I had not chosen the urologist's method.

I sent him a letter expressing my desires and inquiring as to his surgical technique. His reply was that he uses a variety of methods, according to the needs of the individual. The plastic surgeon's method takes skin from the scrotum to construct the foreskin. I saw pictures of the results and I was impressed. However, I have some skin left, being not as tightly cut as some I have seen, and I wanted a method that pulled forward what skin I had and then added "new" skin behind. This is just what the urologist proposed to do in my case. (He might have suggested something else had I been built differently.)

The surgery itself seems relatively simple—the recovery is not, and this is where I think more information should be provided. Had I known the degree of healing that would be needed I might not

have needed to have the surgery, or at least I would have been better prepared for what lay ahead. I was in excellent health and physical condition, so my recuperation time should have been the minimum expected. It is taking longer than I thought, and I believe the doctor feels the same way, considering that he originally said the swelling would be down in a month, and has since decided that it may take two or three.

The surgery was performed while I was under sodium pentathol. I pray for once I kept my mouth shut. I awoke (kind of) that afternoon—the surgery was performed at 7:30 A.M. and lasted one and a half hours. I had a catheter, but was not of the mind to enjoy it. I also had an IV. That evening and sometime the next day I had a shot for pain. Since I had to lay on my back for the duration, I discovered that the shots caused almost as much discomfort as they eliminated.

The operation was performed on a Monday, and the catheter and IV were removed on a Wednesday. The IV was mostly for antibiotics. I was put on two grams of penicillin per day, to which I later developed an allergic reaction. The reaction didn't occur until a week after the surgery, when I was at home. I looked and felt like I had rolled around in a bed of poison ivy. My sweat and urine reeked of antibiotic. Since I showed no sign of infection, the doctor took me off the antibiotic. I was later placed on a different type.

The removal of the catheter was the first opportunity I had to observe the doctor's hand work. I think I must have gone into shock. I am not what you would call "well-endowed," but what I had was adequate and not bad-looking. What I had when the bandages were removed resembled an overripe eggplant. I was told that there would be some swelling, but I was not prepared for the bulbous growth, which now rested painfully between my legs. Not only was it swollen to the limit the skin would stretch, but it was a purplish color, with black splotches thrown in for aesthetics. It looked diseased. There was blackened, dried blood on one area that had been cauterized to stop the bleeding, and pieces of rubber bands stuck out from underneath the sutures. The rubber bands are used to promote easy removal of the stitches. To borrow a phrase: We were not amused.

Admittedly, part of the swelling was from the saline injecton administered to purposely stretch the skin, but this swelling did not even begin to recede until eight days after the surgery. (One month later it still has not returned to normal.) The stitches were removed one week after the surgery.

My tour and a half days in the hospital had their memorable moments: two female nurses shaved me—the first one having done an inadequate job. And one nurse was so interested in my operation, she would try to sneak into my room at 1:30 in the morning when she had night



—Illustration by Rex

duty for a peak under my covers. Since I am a light sleeper anyway I always woke up, and she would offer the excuse of checking my dressing, she was the only one who seemed obliged to do so at 1:30 A.M. And there were two male nurses who really liked my tatoos...

(I might also mention that I like to take vitamin supplements, and by being cunning I was able to continue taking the vitamins I normally consume while I was in the hospital. They do not like you bringing your own pills.)

One of the worst problems associated with this type of surgery is the intense pain encountered during sleep. I never realized how much of a stud I am—I must sleep with a constant hard-on. I would sleep for perhaps an hour and a half and then awake in excruciating pain when I would enter the dream state and get an erection. This became an interesting experiment in sleep/dream deprivation. Just after I got out of the hospital I went to the drug store for bandages and such, and spent fifteen minutes trying to remember the few things I was supposed to get. I more or less wandered around the store in a daze. I thought my lack of mental facility was the result of too much television during my four day hospitalization, but later decide it was the lack of sleep.

The day after my stitches were removed I developed a complication—my suture line pulled apart at the top of the shaft where the skin from the scrotum was raised up and sewn into place. It happened around 3:00 A.M., and there was some pain involved. It didn't worry me too much at the time, as I couldn't really tell what had happened. I simply redressed the "wound" and went back to bed. Around 6 A.M. I was of a clearer mind, and upon opening the dressing I could tell immediately what had happened. A friend drove me back to the hospital where the doctor's associate sewed me back up. (My surgeon was out of town.) There was a lot of pain involved with the novacaine injection.

I suspect that what caused the separation was the half mile I ran and the forty push-ups I did the previous afternoon, though I can't be sure. The suture line may have simply weakened since I felt no pain during my exercise. I could also have been undone by an erection, which was what awakened me in the first place. I asked the doctor if there was something he could give me to keep me from getting a hard-on, but he said there wasn't.

It was important to keep the area and dressing clean. I did this by showering, leaving the genital area for last. I used a very soft-bristled complexion brush and ivory soap, followed by a rinse with water and then a rinse with hydrogen peroxide. Then I let the area dry while I shaved, etc. Next, with cotton swabs, I applied Betadine Ointment to all incision points, and then wrapped the entire thing in cotton gauze. I also wore a truss to relieve some

of the tension on my new stitches. It looked like hell.

Unfortunately, that was not all the trouble I had. I pulled the new stitches loose, and had to return to be sewn up. A couple of days later they came apart again, pulling through the scrotal skin. Why was I having so much trouble with my stitches? I believe what was happening was that every time I would experience a little pain, the scrotum would draw up tight—like it does when you get a chill. But the drawing up would cause more pain and thus increase the pull on the incision.

By this time I had developed an infection, despite the antibiotics, and it really looked terrible. We decided to send me to a plastic surgeon since my doctor was still out of town. He managed to get the infection under control by the time my doctor had returned. That involved a different type of topical medication (Bacitracin), and soaking in "Buro's Solution" three or four times a day. That was a pain in the ass.

Since the healing process had begun along the incision lines it was decided to leave it alone and let it heal. This means I may have some scar tissue at the base of the top of the shaft instead of smooth skin, but it should heal and the skin should draw back over the incision by itself. Later on I will be using cocoa butter when the scar tissue forms, to keep it soft.

Should you decide on the surgery I suggest you plan on a minimum of two weeks off from work beginning with the first day of surgery. And this is if all goes perfectly! I spent most of my time naked or wrapped in a towel to keep pressure off my cock. I was not able to wear a jockstrap until the stitches were removed (the first time), which also removed 80% of the discomfort. The remaining discomfort comes from the hair growing back and sticking you along the raw suture lines. The truss helped with this also. Once the swelling started to go down I was able to graduate to a jockstrap. I will be glad when I can go back to wearing nothing underneath.

As far as the cost goes, it breaks down as follows:

Surgeon's fee	\$3200
Anesthetic	400
Hospital	2800
Medication (home)	75
TOTAL	\$6475

As you can see, there is a lot of pain, time, and money involved in this type of undertaking, but if you want a foreskin badly enough I suppose it's worth it. I keep telling myself that, anyway.

Postscript.

Now, four months after the operation, my recovery is well advanced, and I can engage in normal sexual activity. There is extensive scarring; which means it's noticeable in an intimate situation, but

not in a locker room. Though the healing is not yet complete, the hair hides most of this. There is also some residual edema (swelling) at the main incision point, and it looks as if it will still be some months before that recedes.

As it stands right now, the new "foreskin" still will not extend over the head of its own accord. This type of surgical procedure does not seem to have provided enough length to permit this; which is of course the whole point of the operation. To put it bluntly: I did not get what I paid for.

In an attempt to stretch what skin I have, I have discovered a variety of clever ways of using clear first-aid tape to keep the skin pulled over the head, but this is not a permanent solution. In fact, this is no solution at all, but I've become accustomed to the feel of having the glans covered, and so I continue to use the tape despite the pointlessness of it.

At some future date I will probably go back under the knife for some "touch-up" work and possibly a "Z-plasty" to complete the lengthening. But I will NEVER again go back into a hospital and be placed under general anesthesia. It's too hard on the system, and much, much too expensive. Any more cutting that has to be done I hope to have performed under local anesthesia and in a doctor's office.

My suggestion to readers who wish to get a foreskin reconstruction is to get the scrotal implant technique. The only person I know who uses this method is a Dr. Greer in San Antonio, Texas. Save your money, move to Texas (if only temporarily), get a job (and insurance!), and let Dr. Greer do it. He's had a lot of practice, and has the methodology down to a fine art. I have seen pictures of the results and they were very impressive. I later learned that if the skin color doesn't match, you can get medical grade tattooing.

Also remember that the doctor who did my surgery was a urologist, not a plastic surgeon. The recent advances in plastic surgery can only serve to accent the qualitative differences. Despite the lengthy recovery period, the scrotal implant seems to be the most effective and realistic. So what if you can't fuck for a year—there are other hobbies. Had I been more informed I would have chosen that route. From what I've seen, it is well worth the cost, time, and effort. As my father always said, "You get what you pay for." Little did he realize...

—Greg P. Logan



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WHITEWATER WEEKEND

by Fledermaus

The hunky man is stripped naked, tied down to the black leather torture table, his head hooded, his mouth gagged, his balls stretched away from his body by a wide strip of leather. Gently at first I begin to play on his pecs with a pair of slender, black wooden rods, tapping a rhythm inspired by the music coming over the sound system. Rapidly I move over his body, tapping at his shoulders, his biceps, his abdomen, his thighs, his calves, the soles of his feet.

Slowly the taps become harder and harder. The skin and underlying muscles become more and more sensitive. At first he lay there quietly, now he writhes and yelps at each tap. He doesn't know where I'll strike next, his sweat-drenched, spread-eagled body tenses and jumps as the blows continue to rain on him, but his cock is hard. I include it in the repertoire along with the light blows to the bound balls. He screams, nicely. I grease his cock with Vicks, it burns but he stays hard and throbbing.

I switch the black drumsticks for a length of heavy rubber hose. It punishes with deep bruises. I know from experience that tomorrow he will be black and blue wherever I use it on him. With one hand I use the hose to beat his pecs, his abdomen and his thighs; with the other I stroke his long hard cock. He writhes and moans and gasps and screams—and finally shoots a load across his chest. One of the men who has been watching licks the come from his chest hairs.

Just off Interstate 85, in the heart of eastern Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains, is a motel, one of a major US chain not unlike hundreds of others scattered across the country. But on the second weekend of May each year this motel becomes like no other anywhere! This is the site of the Pocono Warriors White-water Weekend.

Robin is a mummy at heart, he loves long, immobile bondage. I put him in one of the slings and wrap his torso and the sling securely with long strips of rubber. Then I wrap his arms and legs to the chains supporting the sling. I wrap his head leaving only the nostrils exposed.



The sling has disappeared. The rubber mummified body hangs from four chains.

To occupy the time while he hangs there and enjoys his bondage, I select Geoff and use ropes to securely lace him into the adjacent sling. I work him over with the drumsticks then put a ball crusher on his balls. Two dowels trap the balls and, as I turn the pair of wing nuts, a wooden plate tightens on the trapped balls, slowly increasing the pressure. With each turn of the wing nuts the pressure increases and his cock gets harder. Now he's writhing more than ever, and letting out low gasps of pain. I tighten more and more and he starts to beg, "Please, Sir, please!" but his cock stays hard. When I think he has neared his limit I tell him he will get two more turns on each screw. Tears fill his eyes. I put the side of my hand in his mouth and he bites hard as I turn the screws twice more. I stroke his hard cock as he savors the pain.

This past May 6 through 8 the No Vacancy sign went up on the six-floor motel as the space was occupied by nearly 200 hot and horny men. Many of them had come primarily to experience the wild ride in rubber rafts down the Lehigh River, seasonally swollen with frigid water from melting snow on the mountain tops. On Saturday a 6.30 A.M. wake-up call rouses them to an early breakfast and a bus ride to the river. There they don wet-suits and enter four-man rafts for the ride. The water is cold, the sun is hot, and the scenery is magnificent. Muscles strain to keep the rafts off the rocks and occasionally all of the occupants of a raft take a brief, involuntary swim in the bracing water. After about five hours the weary voyagers beach their craft and head back to the motel.

Animal has a well-deserved reputation for destroying equipment, so I take particular care in putting the leather wrist restraints on him and securing them to the horizontal beam of the cross. I put a pair of clothespins on each tit and he looks at them with disdain. I add more clothespins in a row across his chest, connecting the nipples, then more, extending the line from his nipples up towards his armpits. His lean, wiry body trembles as the number of wooden clamps biting his flesh grows and grows. Rows of clothespins cross his chest and run down his sides from Adam's apple to navel. Now he's literally vibrating in the bondage, shaking the clamps so they keep the skin awake and alive to the torture, and from his throat come some of the sounds that helped give him his nickname. I've used only about half of the 300 clothespins with which I intend to decorate his body when he begins to writhe violently, ripping the D-rings from the tough leather of the wrist restraints. But he has to stay there and take the worst punishment of all, the removal of the 150 clamps that decorate his torso.

The whitewater ride is unique. Only the



Pocono Warriors, among the country's leather/leather clubs, offer this experience at a run. But this isn't the only unique feature of Whitewater Weekend. One floor of the motel is reserved for the other activity that draws men to this run—the Dungeon. Several years ago the Warriors asked the Chicago Hellfire Club to host a dungeon at Whitewater. There was considerable interest and over the years the Dungeon has grown. Many men now hold membership in both clubs and the Warriors no longer need the help of any other organization to equip and supervise a superb dungeon party. Safe and sane SM sex are the objectives, and a very hot time is available to all.

I'm tired and it's late. The crowd is thinning and I pack up my equipment to head back to my room. I have to save some energy for tomorrow! Then I notice a

cute little hairy hunk that I've been admiring all evening. I tweak a tit and he responds the way he should. We end up wrestling around on the floor until I pin his muscular little carcass, using my own massive body for bondage. I fuck his mouth and finally relieve my own pent-up passions.

Dungeon facilities at Whitewater 5 included a smoking lounge (no smoking in the rest of the area unless the smoking material is an integral part of the scene—love to singe chest and crotch hairs with the tip of a glowing cigar!), a porno movie palace, two fisting rooms, one with slings and one with beds, three general purpose dungeon rooms; a water sports room, an electrotorture room, and a shaving room. Both T. A. Feldweber, who supervised the electrotorture room, and Ross V., who expertly wielded the straight



razors in the shaving room, are members of the Warriors and associates of Chicago Hellfire Club. And both rooms needed a take-a-number rack for the eager participants who wanted to try out the relaxator, the violet ray wand, the hand crank magnet, etc., or get all or part of their body shaved.

Two muscular bodybuilders (one the policeman coverman from Drummer 62) stand back to back. Ray and I wrap them tightly with rubber bandages until there is only a beautifully shaped grey rubber mummy standing with a cock hanging out on each side. With bodies and legs wrapped together they have to cooperate to keep their balance, rubbing sweaty muscular bodies inside their double rubber cocoon. Two eager volunteers come forward to suck their cocks.

After years of working at Chicago Hell-

fire Club Internos and one-night parties it was GREAT to be at a party where all I had to do was play. All kinds of action was going on all over the place. I was too busy doing to observe much of what others were doing, but I was constantly surrounded by wonderful sounds of whips striking flesh and moans and screams of agony and ecstasy.

I take a break and head for the lounge. On one torture table a muscular man writhes under layers and layers of hot wax. In the hall I hear the sound of a whip striking flesh and look into another dungeon room to watch Ken use his expertise in applying a bullwhip to the ass of a man spread-eagled on a cross. In the next room Paul is bound into a bathtub (not the one in the bathroom, but a special one in the middle of what would normally be a bedroom) with a virtual spiderweb of

ropes. His face reflects ecstasy as four men stand around the tub hosing him down with their own anatomical hoses.

In the lounge I sit back and enjoy a cold drink. From across the room I admire the whip stripes on the back of the slave kneeling at John's feet, each red mark sharp and distinct and perfectly parallel to every other mark, the entire back a grid-work of welts and stripes as precise as if done by a draftsman. I catch John's eye and offer my compliments, we discuss the possibility of a precision flogging contest at a forthcoming Inferno.

Not everyone at Whitewater Weekend is eager for SM. They come for the rafting, or just for the fun of the run. Live music and dancing provide entertainment elsewhere in the building. Many spend all their nights there, or at private parties in their rooms. But many come to watch, to learn, to discover their own interests, to come to terms with their fantasies. For many the Dungeon at Whitewater is their first encounter with the reality of safe and sane SM. Some learn that they prefer the fantasy to the reality. Others discover that they want to DO. No one is forced, unless they want to be, but many discover new worlds of pleasure and sensual experience.

Three short muscular bodies, two white and hairy, one black and smooth. I place each in a rope body harness, taking care to select a particularly white rope for the glistening ebony skin. When all three torsos are tightly encased in the rope network I put the three of them together, facing out, and lace each adjacent pair of arms together, tightly confined against the bound bodies. Then each adjacent pair of legs is laced together so that the trio stands on a tripod of bound legs. Three cocks stand out hard. The three heads are tied together by ropes through each of the three mouths and across each of the three pairs of eyes. Then the three sets of balls are linked. Volunteers assist me to chew on tits, stroke and suck cocks, squeeze balls. Each time one reacts to a stimulus, all feel it; the slightest movement by one is felt by the other two. And my helpers and I see to it that all three of them are kept writhing in a constant combination of agony and ecstasy.

The Pocono Warrior's Whitewater Weekend is the only run I know of that includes a major dungeon and which is open to anyone who wishes to attend. A other dungeon parties are by invitation only. It is the perfect place for someone who thinks he is interested in SM to learn more about it and about his feelings, and to do so in an environment of safety and concern. For information about Whitewater Weekend 6, write the Pocono Warriors, PO Box 381, Scranton, PA 18501.

Animal asks me to torture his balls. I'm eager to do so but don't want to destroy any more equipment. I sit on the floor cross-legged and tell him to lay on his back with his head in my lap. I tell him that



I'm not going to restrain him, he has to lay there and hold his balls up for punishment. He holds them in both hands, forcing them up and away from his body—a tempting target. I tell him that the torture will come in sets of ten strokes, then tap his balls rather lightly ten times with a black wooden rod. He sighs and writhes and after a few seconds I repeat the ten strokes somewhat harder. By eight he is writhing and I command him to lie still. After a brief pause he gets ten more, harder still. After the tenth stroke he rolls around on the floor moaning in pain, then puts his head back on my lap and holds his balls up for more punishment.

Now I'm hitting HARD. With each blow I see the balls flatten and rebound, muscular reactions to the pain cause his muscles to jerk violently and he screams out with each blow. After the set he writhes uncontrollably for several minutes. When he returns to the punishment position I switch to the heavy rubber hose. Ten moderately heavy blows of the hose is terrible torture. He screams with each one and his body tries to double up and protect his balls. My own cock throbs at the sight of him fighting against himself, reacting to the pain and fighting it, making himself lie there, begging for more.

At the end of the ten with the hose he rolls around on the floor like a madman clutching at his tortured nuts and his cramping muscles. He seems reluctant to return to the torture position. I order him back and tell him that he will get only three more blows—but these three will be the hardest yet. With each blow he screams, his legs jerk into the air and his body rolls, trying to escape despite his determination. After the third blow he again rolls around and writhes in agony as several men jerk off watching him. Finally he recovers his ability to control his body and crawls to me. Sweat drips from him as he thanks me and takes my cock in his mouth. □



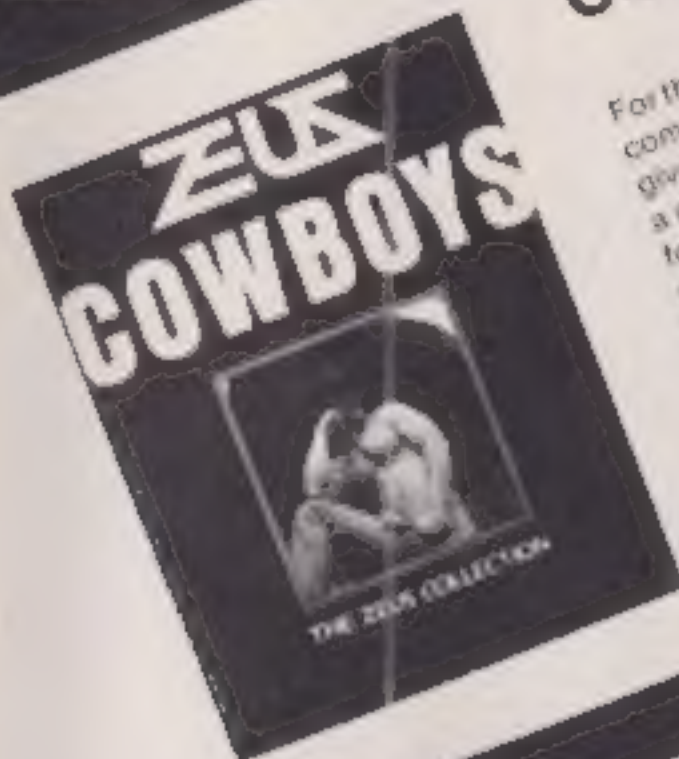


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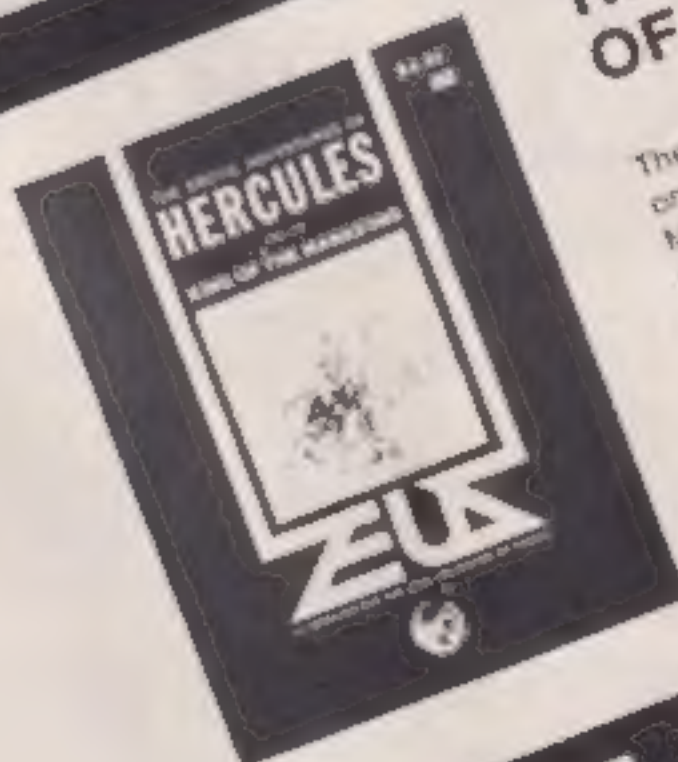
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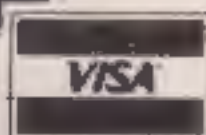
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